UNHAPPY FRANCE! WHERE ST. JOAN'S BANNER IS FLOWN NEXT TO HITLER'S

General de Gaulle appealed to all Frenchmen to observe an hour's silence on May 11 in memory of St. Joan of Arc. It cannot be doubted that many responded, the fact that their country is under the Nazi heel making the patriotic symbolism of St. Joan all the more poignant. France will rise again, and when she does this German picture will become just a historic curiosity. It shows a statue of the Maid of Orleans erected twenty-five miles south of Verdun in memory of soldiers who fell in 1914-18. Now beside St. Joan's banner floats the swastika. *From the "Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung"*

At Tobruk Britain Stands at Bay

On May 7 the House of Commons, by 447 votes to 3, approved " the policy of His Majesty's Government in sending help to Greece, and declares its confidence that our operations in the Middle East and in all other theatres of war will be pursued by the Government with the utmost vigour." The two days' debate was wound up by the Prime Minister in a speech whose principal topic is reviewed below.

A YEAR ago not one Englishman in a thousand had ever heard of Tobruk, and to those few who knew of its existence it was just an Italian harbour of little interest and of less importance. Italy had not then entered the war, and even for some time after Mussolini had taken the plunge, Tobruk remained a backwater. Not until Graziani took the road into Egypt, not until in December the Italian mass was ripe for the sickle—Mr. Churchill's phrase—did Tobruk's name appear more and more often in the newspapers. For a few days in the New Year it achieved headline prominence, but after its capture by the Australians of the Army of the Nile on January 22 it sank back into obscurity. So far as it was concerned, the war was over: that was the general belief.

But it was not so. Only a few weeks more and there was a swift reversal of fortune in the Western Desert. Tactical mistakes were committed, said Mr. Churchill in his review of May 7; missed chances occurred; our armoured force became disorganized. Our generals on the spot believed that no superior German force could advance effectively across the desert towards Egypt as soon as or as quickly as they did; or if they did advance, then they would not be able to nourish themselves.

Even the Germans had no expectation of proceeding beyond Agedabia, 100 miles or so along the coast road west of Benghazi. " But when they won their surprising success, they exploited it with that enterprising and organizing audacity which ranks so high in the military sphere. They pushed on into the blue, or might I say the yellow ochre, of the desert, profiting by their easy victory, as they have done in so many cases, and they took in this case little thought of what they should eat, or what they should drink; but they pushed on until they came up against Tobruk."

" There," continued the Premier, " they met their prop . . . A hard and heavy prop, none the less important because, like all these desert operations, it was on a small scale." Warfare as is now being waged in the Western Desert can be conducted, the Premier pointed out, by only small numbers of highly equipped troops; 30,000 or 40,000 men are the most that can be fed or supplied in the desert. Here the fortunes of war are subject to violent oscillations and mere numbers do not count.

Now the Nazis have come up against the large forces which guard the frontier of Egypt; and although they have the superiority in armoured vehicles and the air forces are about equal, they are confronted by problems far more difficult, since they are on a far larger scale, than any General Rommel has yet solved in Africa. For the invasion of Egypt great supplies must be built up, magazines provided, pipe-lines made to carry an artificial river forward with the troops, and so on. On the other hand, we are now " lying back on our fertile delta, which incidentally is the worst ground in the world for mechanized vehicles, and enjoying the command of the sea." Moreover, General Wavell (Mr. Churchill revealed) has now under his orders nearly half a million men. " A continuous flow of equipment has been in progress from this country during the last 10 months, and now that Italian resistance in Abyssinia and Africa and Somaliland is collapsing, the steady concentration northwards of all these forces is possible and, indeed, has for many weeks been rapidly proceeding, and General Smuts has ordered the splendid South African Army forward to the Mediterreanean shore."

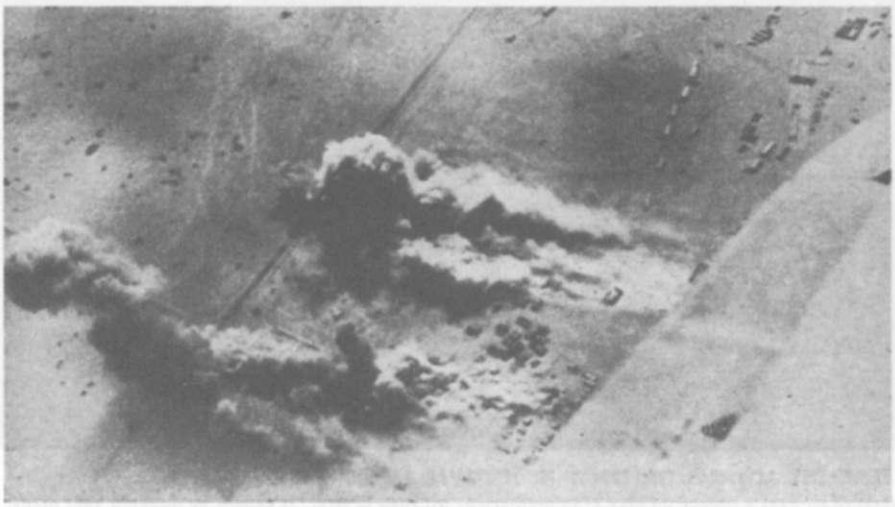
While Tobruk stands, a large-scale invasion of Egypt would seem to be a temerarious venture; and it is for this reason that the place has been, and is being, most fiercely assailed by the enemy. And it is being as fiercely defended. " Tobruk," to quote Mr. Churchill again, " has already been the centre of a most stubborn and spirited defence by the Australian and British troops gathered in this widespread fortified land, under the command of the Australian general, General Morshead."

Behind its iron ring of defences, the little garrison is making a tremendous stand. The heat is terrific; the sky from dawn to dusk is a vast brazen bowl; the wind is heavily charged with particles of grit which fill men's eyes and mouths and nostrils, their clothes and food; rifle barrels are so hot that they blister the hands that touch them. But at least the British defenders have shady bungalows in the town itself, while in the front line their refuges down below ground are heavenly cool compared with the hellish heat prevailing in the world above.

GENERAL L. J. MORSHEAD, D.S.O., defender of Tobruk, here seen with Mr. P. C. Spender, Australian Army Minister, led the famous 33rd Australian battalion in the last war. *Photo, Courtesy of the Australian Government*

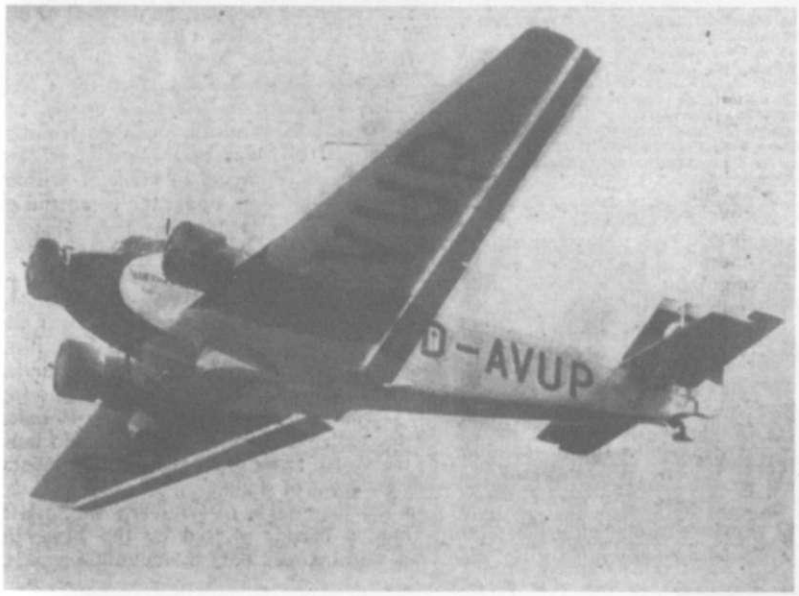
German prisoners—about 3,000 have been taken since the siege began—have described the conditions in which they are forced to fight as hellish. Their tanks are not air-conditioned, and the crews are reported to have fainted from the terrific heat. And what of the hooded infantrymen with flame throwers, who are reported to be employed by the enemy in an attempt to smoke out the Australian infantry from their dug-outs and underground concrete posts? Theirs must be a hot job, indeed!

Both the one side and the other know the issues that are at stake. " Loss of the Suez Canal, loss of our position in the Mediterranean, loss of Malta," said Mr. Churchill, " would be among the heaviest blows which we could sustain. . . . We intend to defend to the death and without thought of retirement, the valuable and highly defensive outposts of Crete and Tobruk."



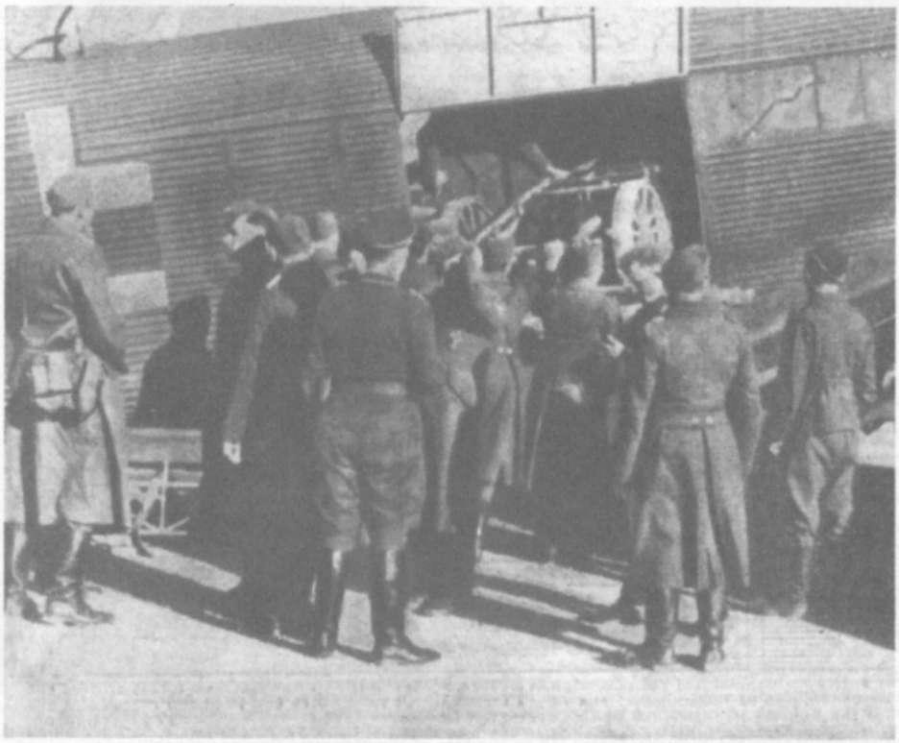
TOBRUK UNDER FIRE, as in this dive-bombing attack by Nazi Stukas, remains solidly in British hands. German air activity has been considerably reduced recently as a result of intensive R.A.F. raids on German airfields in Cyrenaica. *Photo, From German source, Associated Press*

In These the Nazi Army Wings to War



JUNKERS JU 52/3m TRANSPORT MONOPLANES are extensively used by the Germans for troop and freight carrying. The Ju 52 was brought out about 1932 as a commercial air liner (see top photograph) for 15-17 passengers. In 1935 the Ju 52 was produced as a bomber for the Luftwaffe, but more recently has been produced in large numbers as a troop-carrier. One such is seen above.

The pilot of a German troop-carrying aircraft is here seen receiving a message from his radio operator.



BY PLANE TO LIBYA came much of the war material needed by the German Afrika Korps for their advance towards Tobruk. Here the Nazis are unloading equipment flown, probably from Sicily, to one of their bases in Cyrenaica. *Photos, Keystone and Planet News*

VAST numbers of troop-carrying aircraft have been used by the Nazis since the beginning of the war, particularly in Norway and now in North Africa, where the attackers of Tobruk and Egypt are being "fed" by this means. It is, of course, a matter of common knowledge that many of Germany's commercial air-liners in peacetime were designed and constructed in such a way that they could easily be converted into military machines. Prominent among such aircraft is the Junkers Ju 52/3m, photographs of which are given in this page. Similarly the Ju 86 and Ju 90 can be used either as civil or military machines. The Ju 52, still extensively used, is a three-engined monoplane with a cruising speed of about 175 m.p.h. The Ju 89 (the military version of the Ju 90) is a four-engined monoplane with a cruising speed of about 200 m.p.h. The Focke-Wulf Fw 200 Condor, a four-engined troop-carrier, is also being extensively used by the Germans, and this aircraft, which can carry a large load, has a cruising speed of some 210 m.p.h. As a troop-carrier it has accommodation for about 30 fully-armed men in one long cabin.

The Campaign in Greece: A Factual Survey

What follows is the first official account of the campaign in Greece, which has now come to an end with the evacuation of the Forces of the Empire and the withdrawal of the Greek Government to Crete. Although the account overlaps in some measure what we have already published, it is reproduced here in its entirety because of the importance and historic interest of its subject.

AT 5.45 a.m. on April 6 the Germans crossed the Bulgarian-Greek frontier. There was no warning or ultimatum; but the German attack had been awaited for some time and the Metaxas Line which runs along this frontier was manned by three Greek divisions.

The Germans came across the frontier at five points; down the Struma valley to the Rupel pass, over the Nevrokop plateau towards Drama, towards Xante, towards Komotine, and from Svilengrad down the Maritsa valley. The last line of advance was not seriously opposed, nor was it intended to be, and the enemy reached the sea at Dedeagatch on April 9. Elsewhere the Greeks successfully withheld the initial German attacks, and inflicted heavy casualties. At the Rupel pass the Germans employed parachute troops, dropping 150 behind the Greek lines; of these 100 were quickly killed and the remainder captured.

Our plan was to make the high ground west of the Vardar valley our main defensive position, and to delay the Germans on the Metaxas Line. We intended to inflict the maximum damage on the enemy in Eastern Macedonia and Greek Thrace, but, if necessary, to withdraw from that part of Greece which lay east of our main defensive line.

Simultaneously with an attack on Greece, the Germans also invaded Yugoslavia, which, though partly mobilized, was not ready for war. Although the Tsvetkovitch Government had been overthrown, the adherence to the Tripartite Pact had not been repudiated by the Simovitch Government; and, as was the case with Greece, no ultimatum or other warning was given. The disposal of the Yugoslav forces appears to have been governed not alone by military but also by political considerations, and inadequate forces had been allotted to the south of the country where the real threat lay. This disposal had been planned by the Tsvetkovitch Government, and General Simovitch had no time to revise the plans. Consequently the Germans were able to advance rapidly up the Strumitza valley, past both sides of Lake Doiran and down the Vardar valley. They reached Salonika on the evening of April 8. The three Greek divisions in the east were cut off from the main body of the allies.

But the rapidity of the German advance in Yugoslavia held a yet more serious threat. Skoplje (Uskub) and Veles were reached on April 8, and it was evident that the Monastir Gap was threatened. How serious this was is seen when we consider the disposal of our and the Greek forces. By far the greater part of the Greek Army was in Albania, some 30 to 40 miles away from the Greek frontier, and with its left flank on the sea and its right flank on the Yugoslav frontier. Two Greek divisions and Imperial troops, all under the command of General Wilson, who was, in his turn, under the command of the Greek Commander-in-Chief, General Papagos, had taken up a strong natural line of defence running from the sea near Katerini through Veria and Edessa to the Yugoslav frontier. A British armoured force was out to the east of this line, engaged in demolition work and similar activities. The force under General Wilson, therefore, was opposing the Germans along a front of 60 to 70 miles on the east, while to the west the main bulk of the Greek army was opposing the Italians along a front of similar length; between the two the mountains of Southern Yugoslavia formed a barrier pierced by the Monastir Gap, and manned only by mountain guards.

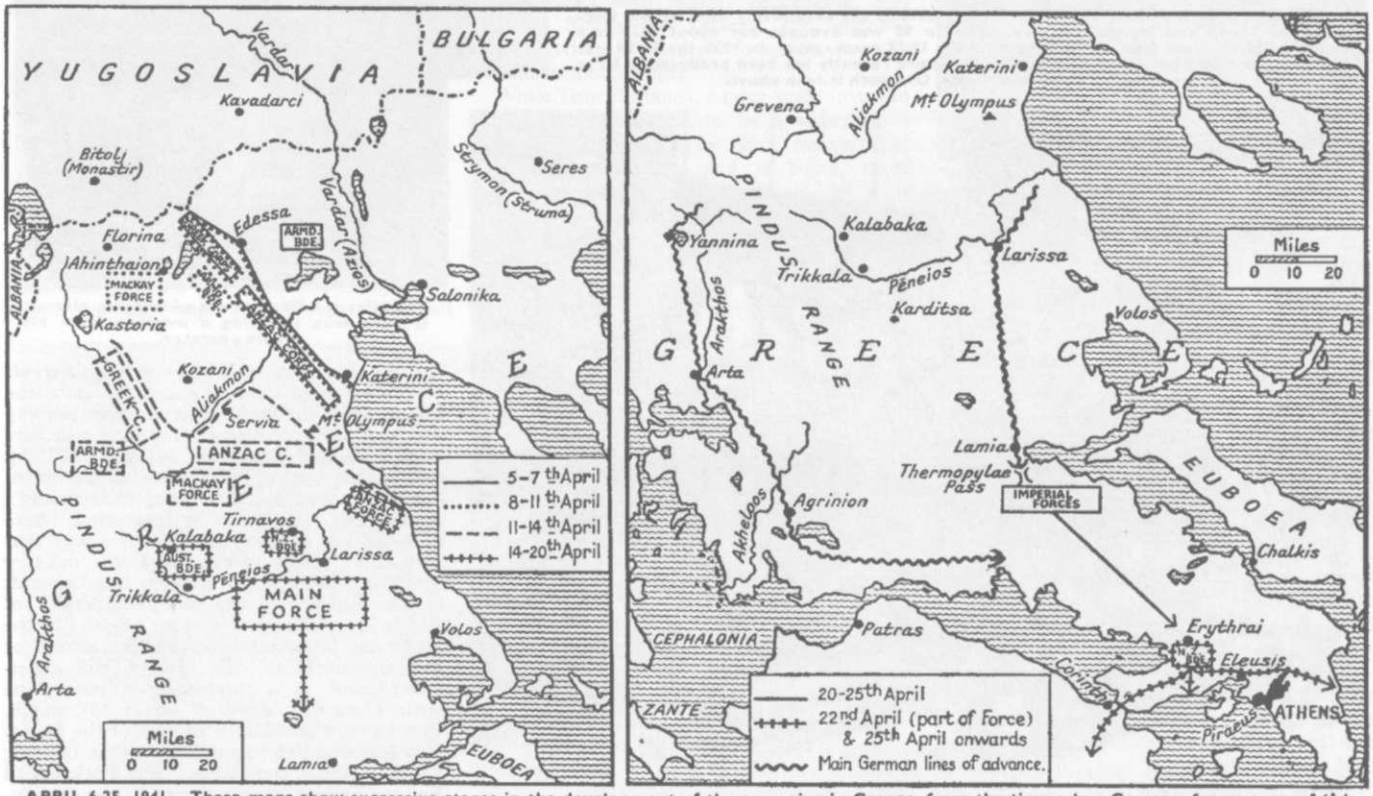
THIS WAS GREECE IN APRIL

OUT of the clear skies the Nazi planes swept down into the valleys like worrying hornets. Our trucks stopped incessantly to enable us to fling ourselves to the earth at a minimum distance of 400 yards from the road, while the Stukas tried to deprive us of our vehicles.

It seemed like a madman's world—lying in a field of asphodel, with a score of different wild flowers within arm's reach, and Mount Parnassus towering majestic between cloud and snow above us, as bombs crumped on the highway, and machine-gun bullets stuttered in the thickets.

We could hear the musical tinkle of sheep bells, whose owners went on peacefully grazing, while the Nazis raked out obvious hide-outs with their fire.

As we made our way back from the front through Thebes to Athens, we passed by wet and smoking homes. On the roads were limping, bare-footed Greek soldiers—men who had retreated over the mountains, many of them separated from their units, many of them not knowing whether their homes still existed. The end of the Greek Army's resistance was written in their faces.—*Reuter's Special Correspondent with the Imperial Forces in Greece.*



APRIL 6-25, 1941. These maps show successive stages in the development of the campaign in Greece, from the time when German forces crossed the Bulgarian-Greek frontier until the evacuation. The first main line of resistance of the Allied forces was, as shown in the left-hand map, from the Aegean Sea near Katerini through Veria and Edessa to the Yugoslav frontier. A British armoured force remained to the eastward of this line, engaged on reconnaissance and demolition work. But the disaster to the Yugoslav forces led to the loss of the Monastir Gap and threatened the Allied left flank. Other stands were made at positions indicated on the map, but the superiority of the Germans in numbers and in aircraft compelled the Allied forces to make a fighting withdrawal. Magnificent rearguard actions by Imperial forces at Peneios Gorge and later at Thermopylae (right-hand map) enabled the main forces to be withdrawn to the evacuation beaches. *Maps, Courtesy of Ministry of Information*

Twenty Days of Fierce Fighting All the Way

AUSTRALIAN SOLDIERS, captured at Larissa, are here seen under supervision of German guards. The fighting round about Larissa was among the fiercest in the retreat from Mount Olympus. Right: a Greek prisoner (so the German caption runs) obeys his captors and helps to smash Greek rifles—not the least humiliating order inflicted upon a valiant people who defied Nazi brutality and fought for honour and freedom. *Photos, Associated Press*

By the evening of April 7 the disaster to the Yugoslav forces was apparent, and the threat to the Monastir Gap had become a reality. A small reserve, under a Brigadier, consisting of a machine-gun battalion and some medium artillery, was formed near Ahinthaion, south of Florina. Next morning General MacKay was sent with his Divisional headquarters, some artillery, one anti-tank regiment, and an Australian brigade (less one battalion), to augment this force, which remained in the Ahinthaion neighbourhood to await the Germans. Meanwhile the armoured force was ordered to blow up its demolitions, and withdrew to Edessa behind the Australian division, under whose orders it was placed.

Withdrawal to Mt. Olympus

Preparations to meet the threat through the Monastir Gap were made only just in time. On April 9 the Germans appeared south of Florina and hotly engaged General MacKay's force during this and the next day. The Imperial Force inflicted heavy casualties on the enemy, but it became apparent that a stand could not be made indefinitely against the greatly superior German numbers. If the enemy could not be held at Ahinthaion it was clear that the whole line on this front would have to be withdrawn; otherwise it would be outflanked. On April 11, therefore, the Imperial and Greek forces began to withdraw to a new line which ran from the sea south-east of Mount Olympus north-west to Servia, thence south-west along the River Aliakmon, and finally north-west again, along the high ground to the west of the plain of Kozani. At the same time General MacKay's mixed British and Anzac force, which had suffered considerable losses, withdrew down the Kozani valley and behind the new line; and the armoured force moved to Grevena.

The line from the sea to Servia and along the Aliakmon was held by Imperial troops, while the high ground along the Kozani plain was held by the two Greek divisions. These two divisions were heavily engaged by the enemy. Meanwhile, enemy forces advancing down the Kozani valley were engaged by our forces at Servia and suffered heavy losses.

The Greek divisions, having fought valiantly under overwhelming conditions and suffered very severe casualties, had now almost ceased to exist as a fighting force. The flank and rear of the Imperial Force were accordingly threatened and a further withdrawal was necessary. Therefore, withdrawal to the Thermopylae Line south of Lamia was ordered.

The Imperial Force now had to withdraw without further aid from the Greek Army; the corps which had been fighting with our troops could do no more, and the rest of the Greek Army was away beyond the Pindus mountains.

On April 14 an Australian brigade was ordered to Kalabaka at the head of the railway from the south in order to cover our left flank of withdrawal. On April 15 a New Zealand brigade took up a covering position north of Tirnavos, and a small New Zealand force which held the eastern entrance to the Peneios gorge south of Mount Olympus was heavily engaged by a greatly superior enemy force and driven back. Next day two battalions of an Australian brigade went to its support. This small Anzac force, now about the strength of a brigade group, fought two German divisions in the Peneios gorge; its losses were heavy, but withdrawal was secured on our right flank.

During the following days our forces withdrew to the Thermopylae position under very heavy enemy bombing, and by April 20 we were in our new positions. The New Zealand division held the right to the sea, while the Australians held the pass on the left.

Artillery of both the British Army and the Anzac forces played an important part in the campaign. Undoubtedly it inflicted very heavy casualties, and the Germans themselves have testified to the accuracy of our shooting.

By this time it was obvious that the Greek Army could fight no longer. The Greek Government, recognizing this, requested on April 21 that the U.K. and Empire Contingent which had been sent to its help should be withdrawn from Greece. The German forces which had been held up for some time by the gallant rearguard action at the Peneios gorge had passed through Larissa and Lamia and were in contact with our forces on the Thermopylae position; meanwhile, other German forces, freed from any threat to their rear by the capitulation of the Greek Epirus army, were rapidly coming south from Yannina through Arta and Agrinion, and constituted a threat to the rear of our position. On April 22 a New Zealand brigade had accordingly been withdrawn to a position on the pass south of Erythrai to cover the withdrawal of the remainder of our forces to embarkation areas; and on April 25 the last of the forces on the Thermopylae position withdrew behind Erythrai and began to embark in warships and transports from various beaches in Attica, Argolis, and Peloponnese.

How the Navy Got Our Men Away from Greece

Although full details have not yet been given, it is now possible to describe in some measure the great part played by the Royal Navy in the evacuation of the British Army —not to mention a large number of Greek and Yugoslav troops and civilian refugees— from Greece. What follows has been supplied by the Admiralty.

THE withdrawal of the Imperial troops from Greece began on the night of April 24-25. It was known that this would be an operation of extreme difficulty and danger owing to the enemy's command of the air, the configuration of the Greek coast, and the fact that enemy air attacks had already made most of the major Greek ports unusable. During that night about 13,500 men of the Imperial Forces were withdrawn from the Rapthis and Nauplia areas. One empty transport ran aground; she was bombed and burned out.

On April 25 it was reported that enemy forces had landed on Euboea in order to attack Khalkis, from which port it had been intended to withdraw a large number of Imperial troops.

On the night of April 25-26 about 5,500 men of the Imperial Forces were withdrawn from the Megara area. One transport was bombed and sunk by enemy aircraft; fortunately she had not embarked troops and was empty. The same night an empty transport was damaged by enemy air attack; she was taken in tow by a destroyer but afterwards became a total loss.

During the night of April 26-27 about 16,000 men of the Imperial Forces were withdrawn from Greece—over 8,000 from the Kalamata area, over 4,000 from Nauplia, and 3,500 from the Raphina and Rapthis areas.

While troops were being withdrawn from Nauplia a transport was bombed and set on fire after having embarked troops. A destroyer, H.M.S. Diamond (Lt.-Cdr. P. A. Cartwright, R.N.), at once went to the rescue of the troops from this transport. Although H.M.S. Diamond and the boats from the transport were continuously attacked from the air, the destroyer picked up about 600 men. On leaving Nauplia H.M.S. Diamond was joined by H.M.S. Wryneck (Commander R. H. D. Lane, R.N.), and both destroyers returned to Nauplia to search for further survivors from the transport. H.M.S. Wryneck rescued a further 100 men, and the burning wreck of the transport was sunk by torpedo from H.M.S. Diamond, since it was a danger to navigation and was providing the enemy with light by which to deliver his air attacks. H.M.S. Diamond and H.M.S. Wryneck then left Nauplia.

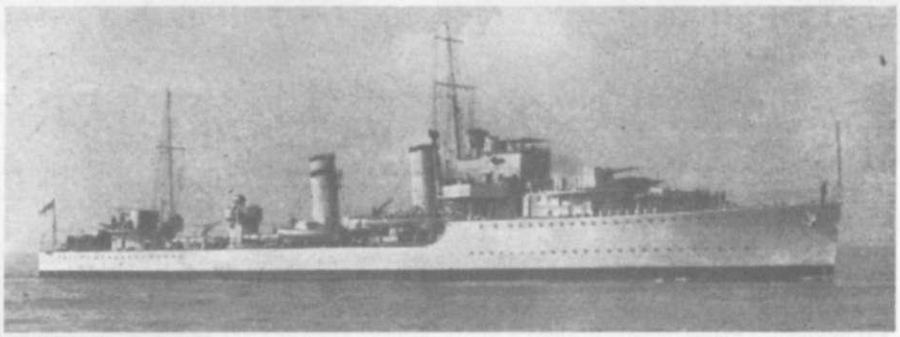
Next morning both these ships were attacked by German dive bombers and sunk. It is feared that the casualties were heavy, although some fifty survivors were picked up by another of our destroyers sent to search the area, and at least one boat may have reached the Greek shore. The survivors from the destroyers reported that they were repeatedly attacked by machine-gun fire by the German aircraft while they were struggling in the water.

During the night of April 27-28 about 4,200 men were withdrawn from the Rapthis area by warships. It was then hoped to carry out the final embarkation on the night of April 28-29. It was estimated that there were about 8,000 troops and a number of Yugoslav refugees to be embarked from the Kalamata area, about 4,000 troops to be embarked from Monemvasia, and about 750 R.A.F. personnel from Kithera. Arrangements were made for the withdrawal of all these forces by warships.

Soon after midnight on April 29 our forces which had proceeded to the Kalamata area reported that it had already been occupied by the enemy, and so the plan to embark 8,000 men and the Yugoslav refugees had had to be abandoned. General Wilson was at once consulted. He gave it as his view that the only possibility of embarking further troops from this area was to pick up stragglers in destroyers' boats from the east side of the Gulf. As it was, despite the enemy's occupation nearly 500 men were withdrawn by our naval units from the Kalamata area during this night. At the same time, 3,750 men of the Imperial forces were withdrawn from the Monemvasia area and 750 R.A.F. personnel from the Kithera.

On the night of April 29-30 our destroyers again operated in the Kalamata area in the hope of picking up survivors, but only 33 officers and men were found and embarked. On the next night, however, our destroyers carried out another search of the Kalamata area, and succeeded in rescuing a further 23 officers and 179 men.

Soon after midnight on April 30-May 1 the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean, reported that about 45,000 Imperial troops and R.A.F. personnel had been withdrawn from Greece, and also a large number of refugees. Admiral Cunningham stated that the bearing of all concerned under continuous air attack and heavy enemy pressure had been splendid throughout. At the same time he reported that after consultation with the military authorities it had been decided that no further withdrawal of troops or refugees could take place, and that our naval forces were consequently being withdrawn from the vicinity of the Greek coast.



DIAMOND and WRYNECK were the only British warships sunk during the withdrawal from Greece. H.M.S. Diamond was a sister ship of H.M.S. Dainty, above, and was a vessel of 1,375 tons provided for in the 1930 programme. H.M.S. Wryneck (left) was a destroyer of 900 tons dating from 1918.
Photos, Wright & Logan

On the morning of May 1 one of our large convoys carrying troops was repeatedly attacked by E-boats when in the Kaso Strait; these attacks were all driven off without loss to the convoy or to its escorts.

By way of footnote to the official story just given, it may be added that, in the words of the First Lord of the Admiralty, "it was almost a miracle" that only two destroyers were lost during the withdrawal. H.M.S. Diamond was hit twice when attacked by six Junkers 88 dive-bombers. She turned over and sank in a few minutes. Large numbers of the personnel and soldiers aboard her were able to scramble aboard floats, but none of the Diamond's officers was seen again. H.M.S. Wryneck was also hit, but launched a whaler and several floats, before sinking. Her captain, Commander Douglas Lane, was last seen hanging on to a float. During the bitterly cold night he was supported by a wounded seaman, but in the morning both had vanished.

ADMIRAL CUNNINGHAM'S MESSAGE

I WISH to convey my appreciation and admiration of their work, to the masters, officers and men of the Merchant Navy and of all the allied merchant vessels who took part in the movement of the Imperial Forces into Greece and in the recent operations when they were withdrawn. Throughout these operations under conditions of considerable danger and difficulty there was no faltering, and the determined way in which ships fought back against the aircraft attacks with their defensive armament was magnificent. We of the Royal Navy and the officers and men of the Imperial Forces realize the extent of the service rendered and of the debt owed to the Merchant Navy for their devoted work during these past weeks.

Snatched from Hitler's Balkan Pincers

A BRITISH SOLDIER heartens his comrades from Greece with the appropriate note, whether "Tipperary," or "There'll Always Be an England." Right: Tired troops, having disembarked, have left their kit temporarily on the quayside. Beneath: Crowded scene just after the troops had landed. The safe withdrawal of between 40,000 and 50,000 British and Imperial soldiers from open beaches against continual enemy pressure on land and repeated attacks from the air was a remarkable achievement. *Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright*

Haile Selassie Has Come Home Again

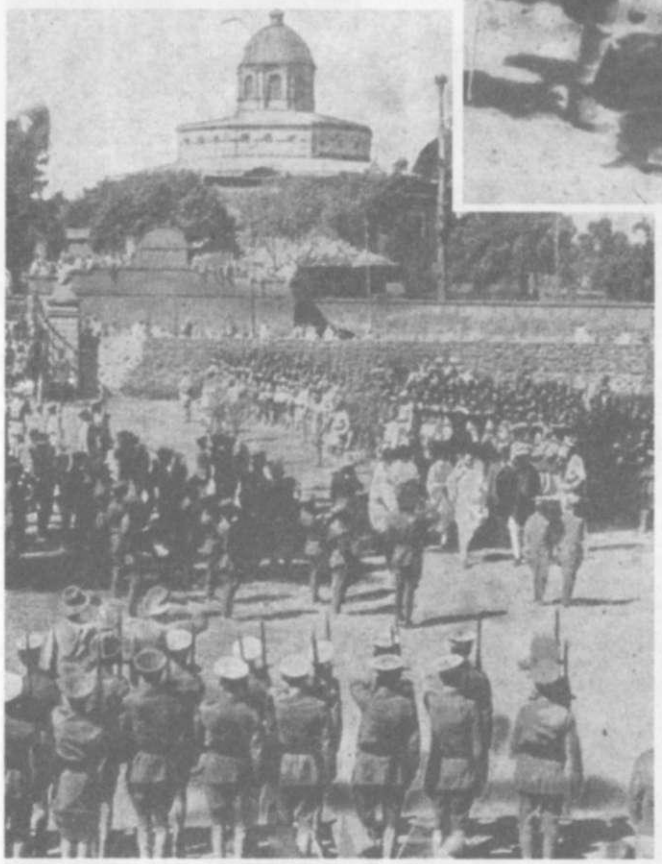
On May 2, 1936, the Negus (Emperor) of Abyssinia left Addis Ababa as a fugitive, and four days later Marshal Badoglio entered the capital in triumph. Time passed, and on the fifth anniversary of that very day, on May 5, 1941, Haile Selassie was welcomed back to Addis Ababa with traditional pomp and ceremony. So the wheel of fortune turned the full circle, and the first victim of Axis aggression was righted by Britain's sword.

INTO Addis Ababa he rode—"Conquering Lion of Judah, Elect of God, King of Kings of Ethiopia." He rode in an open car with one of his commanders, escorted by police in khaki uniforms with white gloves, mounted on white chargers. Before him marched a great procession of Ethiopian soldiers and South Africans, headed by armoured cars of our East African army and a British colonel on a prancing white arab. In his entourage rode his sons, the Crown Prince and the Duke of Harar, the ever-faithful Ras Kassa and Ras Abeba Aragi, and the British brigadier who had played so notable a part in the organizing of the Patriot revolt. Members of the Sudan Frontier Defence Force were there, too; and along the route South African, East African and West African troops were mounted as guards of honour. The streets were packed with dark-hued natives; they crowded the roof tops and perched precariously in the trees.

"The procession passed under a gay cloud of green, gold and red Ethiopian flags," wrote "The Times" correspondent, who was among the throng. "The trilling voices of the women and the deep boom of drums, storms of hand-clapping, and the notes of flutes and zithers filled the air, while flowers were dropped into the Emperor's car from those at the roadside."

Arrived in Addis Ababa, the Negus passed on to the balcony of the royal palace—the palace which he had left as a fugitive five years before—and there he was welcomed by General Cunningham, the British generalissimo, while a vast crowd cheered and cheered again, a forest of British and Ethiopian flags waved in the sultry air, and Britain's African artillery fired a royal salute of 21 guns—with captured Italian ammunition.

This was a day of rejoicing and triumph, he went on. "Let us therefore rejoice, but in the spirit of Christ. Do not reward evil for evil. Do not indulge in the untimely atrocities which the enemy, even in these last days, has been accustomed to practise against us. Do not shame Ethiopia by acts worthy of our enemies. I shall see they are disarmed and given a safe passage to the place from which they came."



HAILE SELASSIE is seen here riding home to Addis Ababa, which he re-entered on May 5, exactly five years to a day after the Italians took possession of the capital of Abyssinia. Left, The Emperor going to divine service at St. Gorgis Cathedral, Addis Ababa, to pray for peace just before Mussolini attacked his country in the autumn of 1935.
Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright; and Keystone

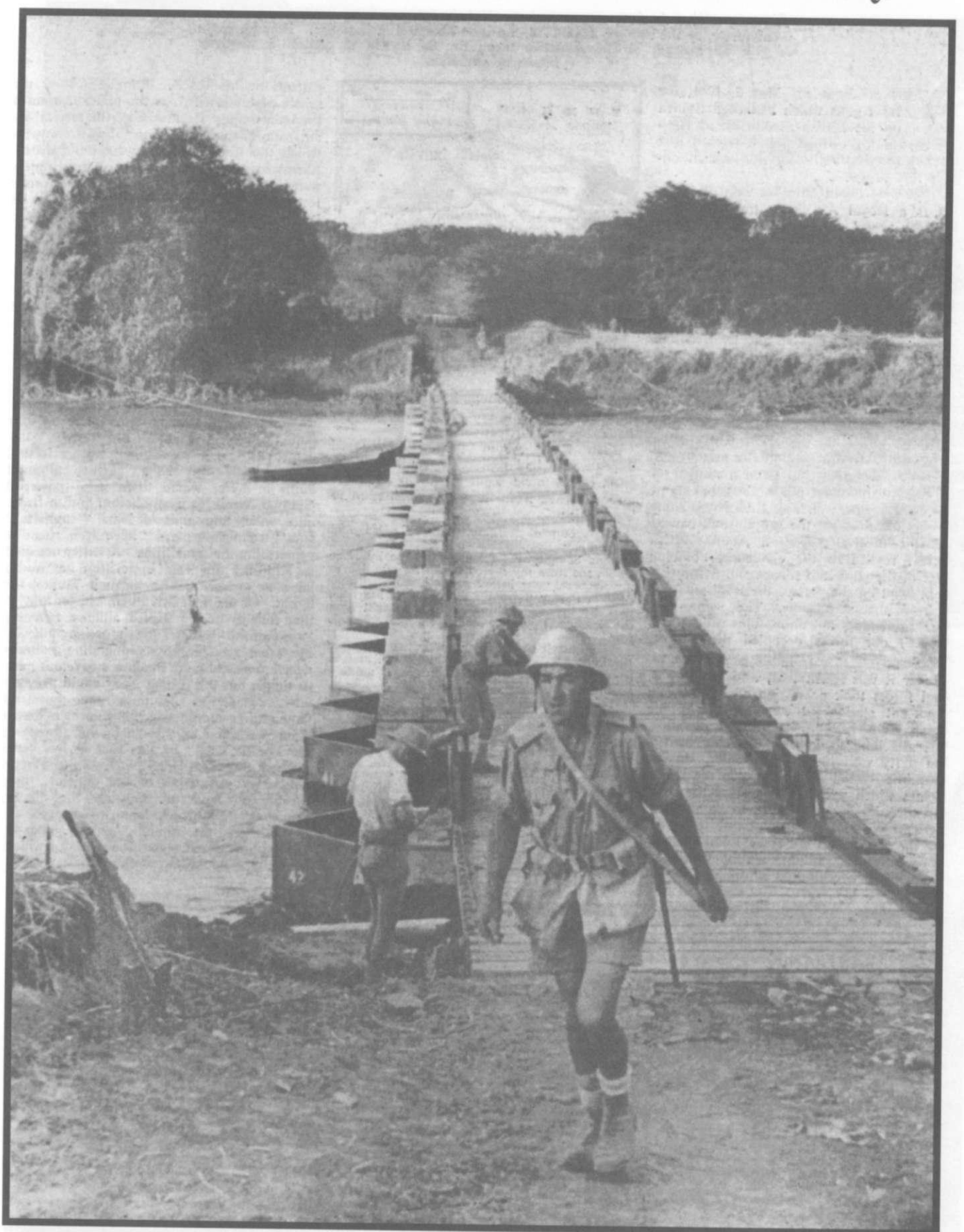
Then he stepped forward to deliver his speech. He spoke in Amharic, and his first words were to recall that it was five years since the Fascist troops had entered the city, that very square. "It is with a sense of deep thankfulness," he said, "to Almighty God that I stand today in my palace from which the Fascist forces have fled. It is my firm purpose to merit the blessings I have received: first, by showing my gratitude to my allies, the British, for my return, and for the benefits I have received, by the release of Imperial troops for warfare on other fronts, and by my supplying them with armed forces wherever they may need them; secondly, by establishing in Ethiopia Christian ethics in Government, liberty of conscience, and democratic institutions."

Now the Emperor urged forbearance towards the Italian enemy, and the treatment of the British ally with the kindness shown to a brother. The Ethiopians must unite in everlasting friendship with Great Britain to oppose the dragon of godless brutality which was assailing mankind.

So the Emperor spoke; and, having finished, turned back into the palace, where in the throne-room, seated on a resplendent throne of green, gold and red—not the "Alga," the famous bed-throne of the Abyssinian emperors, which had been his aforetime but which has now probably a place in a Rome museum—he gave audience to the British officers. And there General Cunningham gave the toast of peace, prosperity and health to the Emperor.

Then the Negus received his soldiers and his people. Bowing low they approached him eagerly, and joyfully kissed each other and their Emperor's feet. That night the hills around were lit with the fires of the Patriot troops, who feasted joyfully on raw meat; and in every native home in the city they made merry. Only the Italians behind their barred and shuttered windows maintained a silence as complete as it was discreet.

Where the Springboks Crossed to Victory



JUBA RIVER, which flows from the mountains of Southern Abyssinia in a southerly direction to the Indian Ocean, furnished the Italians in Italian Somaliland with a strong defensive position against the British troops advancing from Kenya. But the Italians could not hold it against General Cunningham's drive, and its loss led to the fall of Mogadishu and opened up the way for a general advance by the British forces. This fine pontoon bridge over the river Juba was constructed by South African engineers.

Photo, British Official : Crown Copyright

First Blood in the Fight for Iraq's Oilfields

The coup d'état in Iraq, engineered by Hitler's intrigues and carried out, perhaps prematurely, by the usurper Rashid Ali, has been described in page 494. Now we go on to give an account of the measures taken by the British to control a distinctly menacing situation.

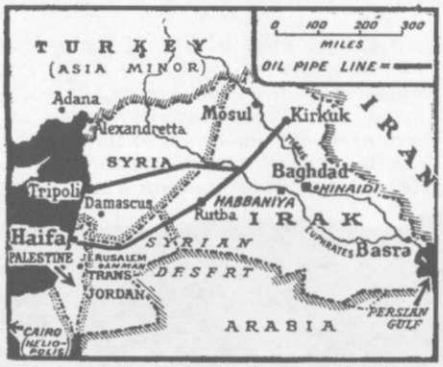
WHEN at dawn on May 2, 1941, the Iraqi guns which had been trained on the British aerodrome at Habbaniya suddenly opened fire, it seemed that the long foreseen battle for Iraq and its oilfields had begun.

Habbaniya, about 60 miles west of Baghdad, is a Royal Air Force training centre of some years' standing. It has facilities for both land and water craft, and the cantonment includes a general R.A.F. hospital and a number of dwellings for the ground staff and the small guard of native levies. In time of peace it was an important centre, being not only the headquarters of British Forces in Iraq but serving also as a civilian airport. When war broke out five squadrons, mostly in training, were quartered there, as well as a mechanized unit used for "police" patrol work.

During the few days preceding the outbreak of hostilities the Iraqi Government concentrated troops around the aerodrome, trenches were dug, and guns mounted on the edge of the desert plateau overlooking it. The bombardment of May 2 destroyed some of our machines on the ground and caused a small number of casualties. At once British aircraft replied to the challenge, bombing some of the guns into silence and frustrating an attempt on the part of the Iraqi air force to raid the aerodrome. The same day, after presenting an ultimatum which was ignored, our forces occupied the airport, dock-area and power station at Basra.

Later it was learnt that, also on May 2, Iraqi forces took possession of Rutbah, an important station 70 miles south of the Syrian frontier and near the oil pipe-line, after attacking an unarmed British construction party working in the vicinity. In the meantime Rashid Ali had caused the Diesel engines which pump the oil from the wells into the pipe-line at Kirkuk to be stopped.

On May 3 and 4, R.A.F. bombers carried out three raids on Moascar Raschid aerodrome, the large military station south-east of Baghdad, wrecking 23 aeroplanes—about



Here are the vital pipe-lines, running from the oil-fields of Iraq to Tripoli and Haifa, which Hitler may attempt to seize.
Courtesy of the "Daily Telegraph"

half the estimated strength of the Iraqi air force—and scoring hits on petrol dumps, magazines and aircraft sheds.

Then Emir Abdul Ilah, the deposed Regent, who had retired to Amman as the guest of his uncle, Emir Abdullah of Transjordan, issued from there a proclamation to the Iraqis:

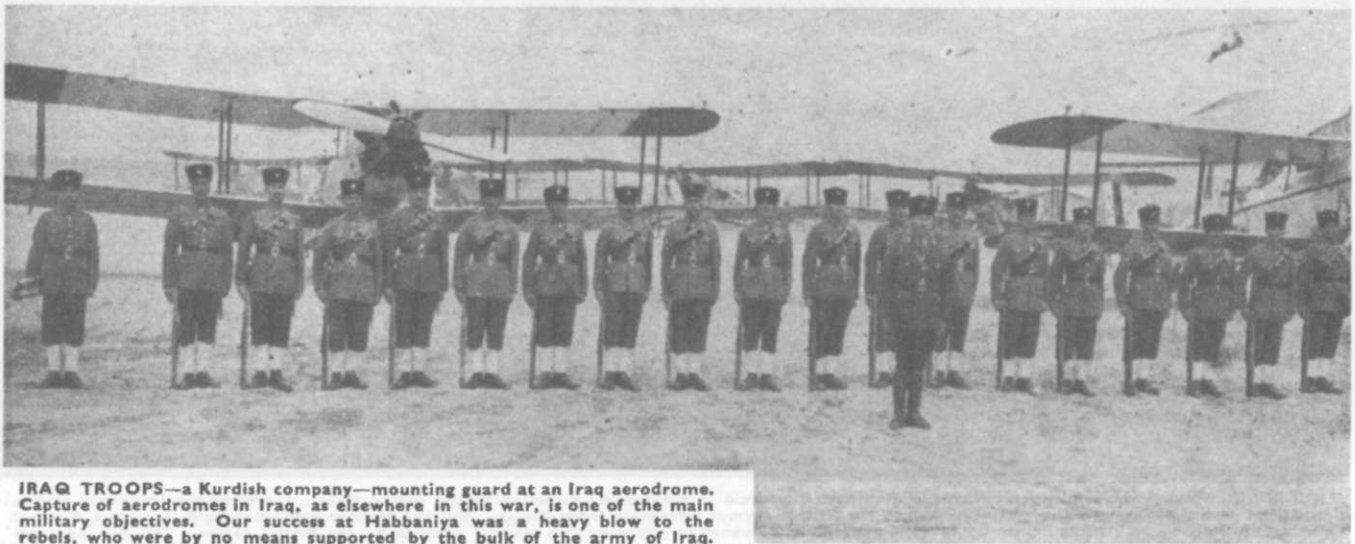
"A group of military tyrants, aided and abetted by Rashid Ali and other ill-disposed persons bought by foreign gold, have by force thrust me from my sacred duties as guardian of my nephew, your beloved young King. Under their evil sway the noble land of Iraq has been poisoned by falsehood and lies and brought from the blessings of peace to the horrors of a venomous war.

"My duty is plain. I am returning to restore the tarnished honour of our native land and to lead it back again to peaceful prosperity under a lawfully-constituted Government.

"I call upon all true sons of Iraq to drive out this band of traitors and restore to our beloved country true liberty and independence. Recall your sons and brothers from this war, brought upon your heads by the lies and intrigues of foreigners thinking only of their own selfish interests. O soldiers, go peacefully to your stations and there peaceably await my restoration of an independent Iraqi constitutional Government. Long live King Faisal II!"

By May 4 shelling of the Habbaniya aerodrome had become slight, intermittent and inaccurate, owing to vigorous offensive patrols by the R.A.F. Two days later the rebels were ejected from the plateau, one of the contributory factors being the arrival by air from Basra of a number of howitzers with which the Iraqi positions were bombarded. Enemy casualties were heavy; 300 prisoners were taken, and the remainder of the troops retreated towards Baghdad. On May 8 Rashid Ali was reported to have fled from Baghdad, following hostile demonstrations. Then on May 11 Rutbah was captured

Rumours that the usurper had appealed to Hitler for military aid against what he termed the "British invasion," received, for the time being, at least, neither confirmation nor response. As Mr. Churchill commented on May 7: "It may be that the Germans will arrive there before we have crushed the revolt, in which case our task will be greater; or it may be that the revolt went off at half-cock in consequence of our landing troops at Basra." But further "underground" aid was already within Rashid Ali's reach, for Nazi agents abound both in Syria, where there is a powerful German Armistice Commission, and in Iran, into which thousands of Nazi "tourists" and "technical experts" have been steadily penetrating for some time. If Hitler decided to reinforce the Iraqi opposition he would have to proceed either through Turkey or Syria. Of the first, Mr. Eden said on May 6 that fidelity to the British alliance remains "as ever the basis of Turkish foreign policy." Syria has excellent ports and landing-grounds which must cause the Fuehrer's covetous paw to tingle, but the British Navy could prevent any considerable landings, and powerful land and air contingents will soon be released from Abyssinia to strengthen our forces in the Middle East. In any case, as has been pointed out, even if the Nazis were to obtain temporary possession of the oilfields, they would still have to transport the oil to wherever in Europe they most need it. Nevertheless, the annual yield of some 4½ million tons of petroleum is a prize for which Hitler may be willing to take grave risks

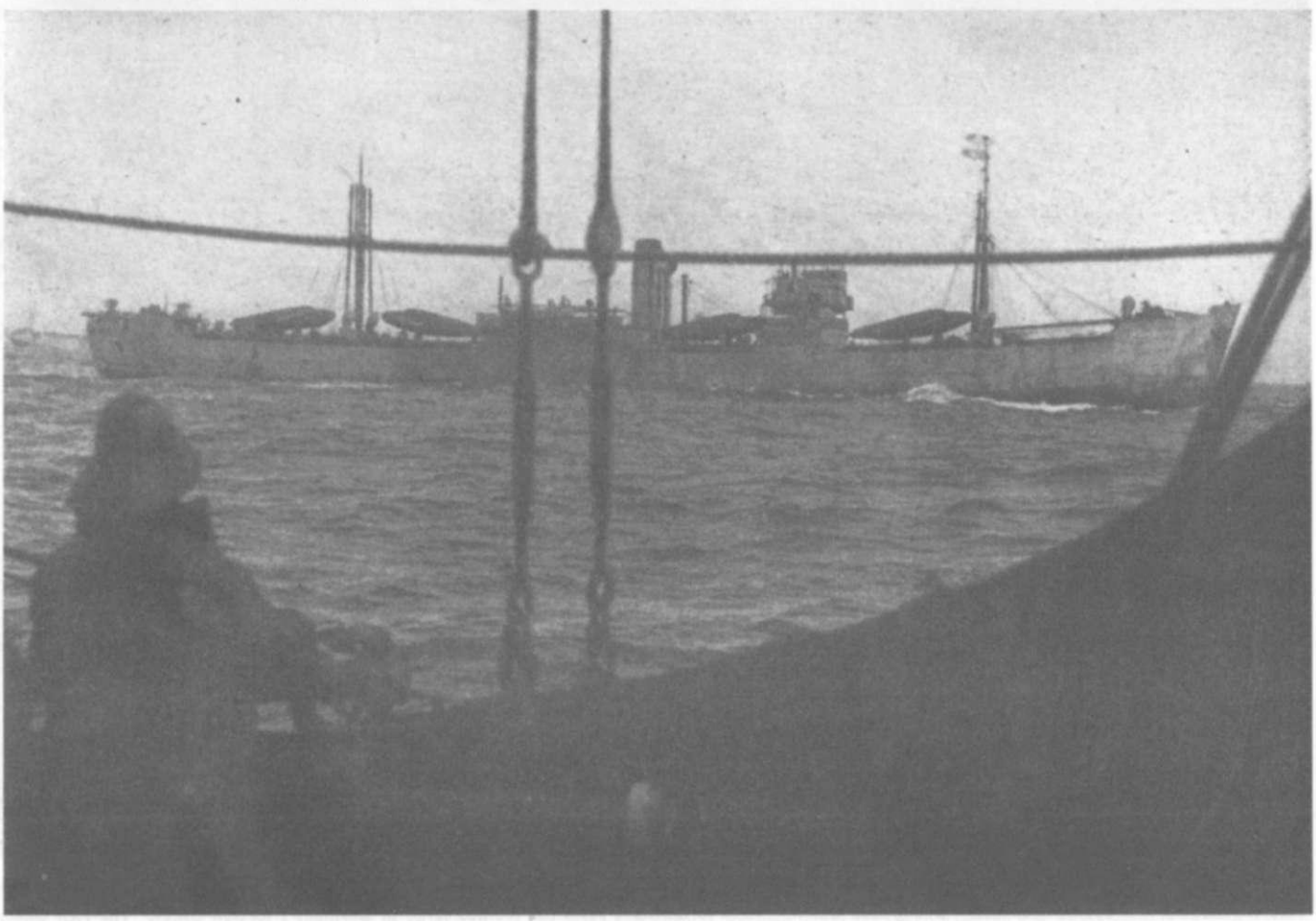


IRAQ TROOPS—a Kurdish company—mounting guard at an Iraq aerodrome. Capture of aerodromes in Iraq, as elsewhere in this war, is one of the main military objectives. Our success at Habbaniya was a heavy blow to the rebels, who were by no means supported by the bulk of the army of Iraq.
Photo, Fox

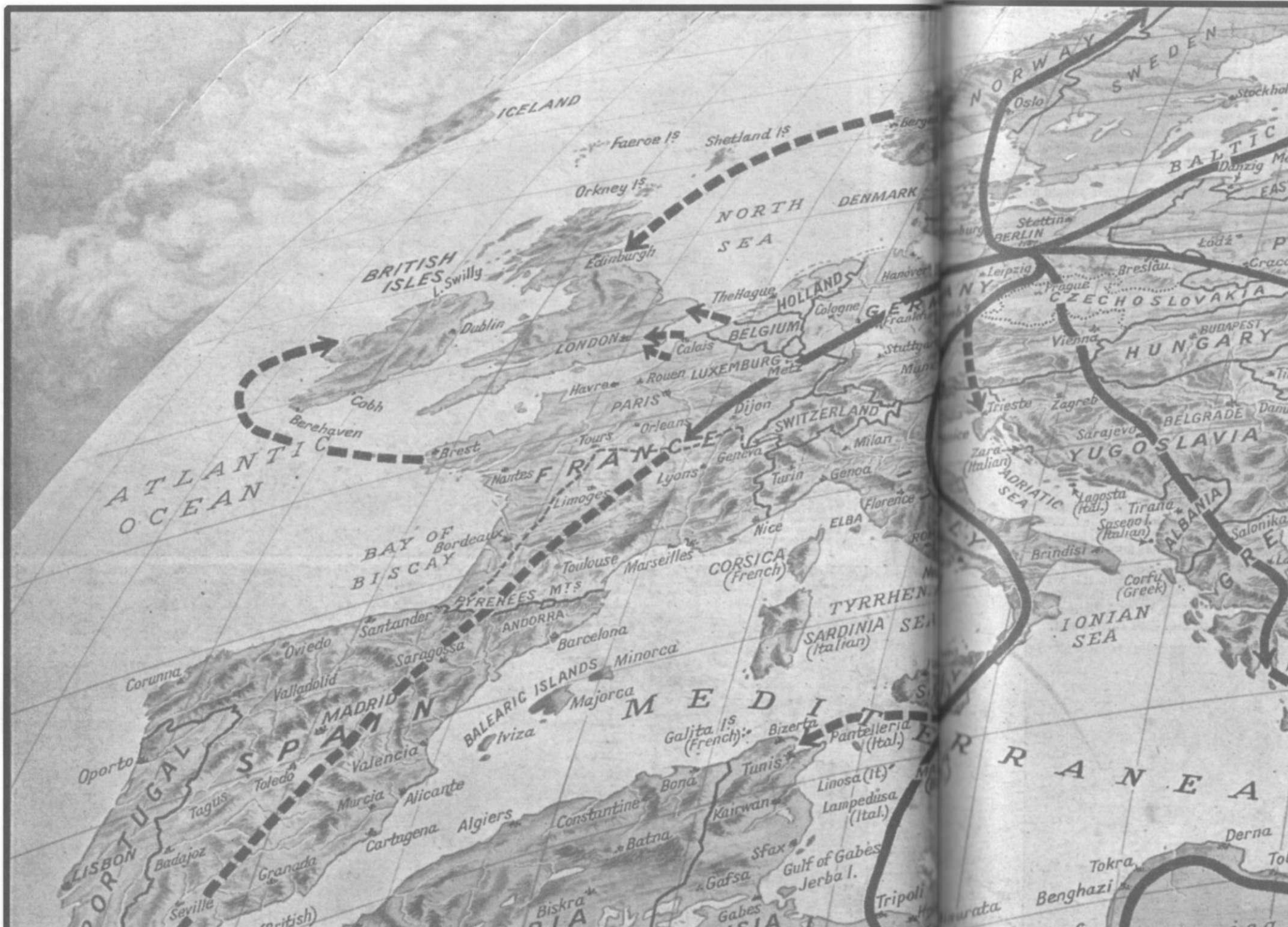
More and More 'Planes from U.S.A.

LT.-COL. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON (above), appointed Minister of Aircraft Production in succession to Lord Beaverbrook, is a pioneer of aviation, holding the first certificate granted by the Royal Aero Club for pilots. Right, a consignment of Lockheed Hudson bombers on the Floyd Bennett aerodrome, New York, ready for shipment to Britain. Below, U.S. planes on their way to this country are seen in mid-Atlantic.

Photos, Bassano, Planet News, J. Hall



Where Next Will the Nazi Octopus Thrust Out Its Tentacles in a



The British Army Gets Tougher Every Day

Very different is the Army of today from that of yesterday. The spirit of the men is the same, true ; but new instruments of war demand new methods. Something of the way in which our soldiers are being trained to meet the guileful Nazis is told below.

THAT the British soldier is a tough customer the Germans have already learned. Though the enemy's numerical superiority in men and machines has—for the time being—driven our land forces from the continent of Europe, it was not before they had taken terrific toll of their adversaries. From the stand of the Guards at Louvain to that of the Anzacs at Thermopylae the war has shown that, whenever contact has been made between British and German forces, the former have proved their superiority man for man.

New methods of warfare call for new methods of training, and recent exercises carried out by our armies in Britain indicate that the Nazis, if they *do* attempt to invade us, will meet the "toughest" army this country has ever turned out.

Some of the most strenuous training is that carried out by our parachute troops (see page 268 of this volume), but for reasons of policy details cannot be divulged. However, these troops have been seen in action during tactical exercises, playing the part of saboteurs with roving commissions, or seizing aerodromes and landing-grounds for air-borne troops ; and in the opinion of competent witnesses the German parachute troops, to use an Americanism, "have nothing on them." One example may be quoted. During a four-days' mock battle in Southern England an officer found himself suddenly confronted by three "enemy" parachutists. He tried to resist, but received a staggering blow, and the next thing he knew was that the parachutists were driving away in his car !

Arduous training, too, is the lot of those platoons of the Guards known as the "S.S." (special service) platoons. Put briefly, their job is "to do anything under the sun," and toughness allied to enterprise are the qualifications needed for enrolment in their ranks.

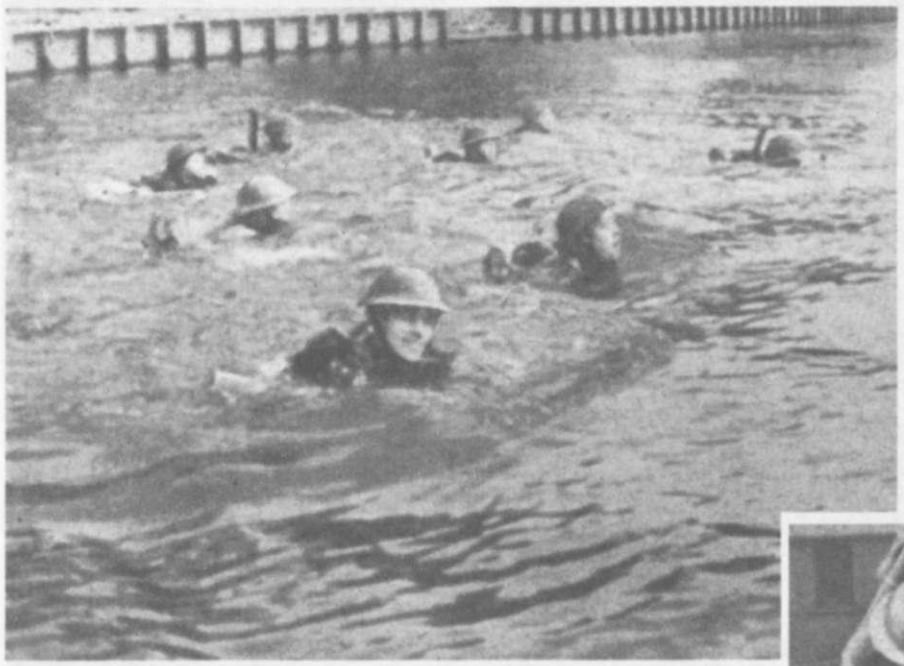
During recent manoeuvres "somewhere in England," operations were carried out which at one time might have seemed almost impossible. Men of the Royal Ulster Rifles and the South Lancashire Regt. who took part in these exercises were so thoroughly trained and so fit that they carried on, says a British United Press correspondent, from the morning of the attack until the afternoon two days afterwards without sleep, going through the next day on the small amount of food in their haversacks. "That," said the Corps Commander, "is the only way to train men nowadays—so that they can go forty-eight hours without sleep or rest except what they can snatch at odd moments." This Commander's system of training to toughen his troops provides that every man in his Command, from General to private, shall ensure fitness by doing a seven-mile cross-country run every week.

The sapper, too, leads a strenuous life. For instance, during recent exercises a bridging company of the R.E. had to build a 600-ft. pontoon bridge in place of a permanent structure, held to have been destroyed. They worked day and night in six-hour shifts, and in a remarkably short time had completed what was probably the longest bridge of the kind ever made in this country. Their task was rendered the more difficult by a considerable rise and fall in the tide, mud banks of unequal height, and the continual necessity of taking out the centre raft, in a six-knot current, to provide for the normal traffic.

One correspondent has told of the development of mental and physical agility at a corps school for young officers in the Southern Command, where students are taught to fight with steel helmets should all else fail ! The point of this new training is to endow officers and men alike with a sense of initiative so that they may make quick decisions and take instant action in any emergency.

And here is an interesting sidelight on modern army training. One would never imagine that the British Army contained a large number of "fifth-columnists" ; but seemingly it does ! Fortunately they are only pseudo-fifth-columnists, and their work is to train all ranks in the Army, from the top to the bottom, not to indulge in careless talk. Paul Bewsher has related in the "Daily Mail" how one of these, a young lieutenant, disguised himself as a butler, served dinner to a general while he was staying at a country house during manoeuvres, and afterwards placed a "contact bomb" in the general's bed !

To such a pitch has the training been carried, that A.T.S. girls in civilian clothes have been employed to try to glean, from officers and men, valuable information about troop movements during large-scale manoeuvres. All news garnered in this way is passed back to "enemy" headquarters, and after the "battle" the indiscreet ones are bluntly warned of their carelessness.



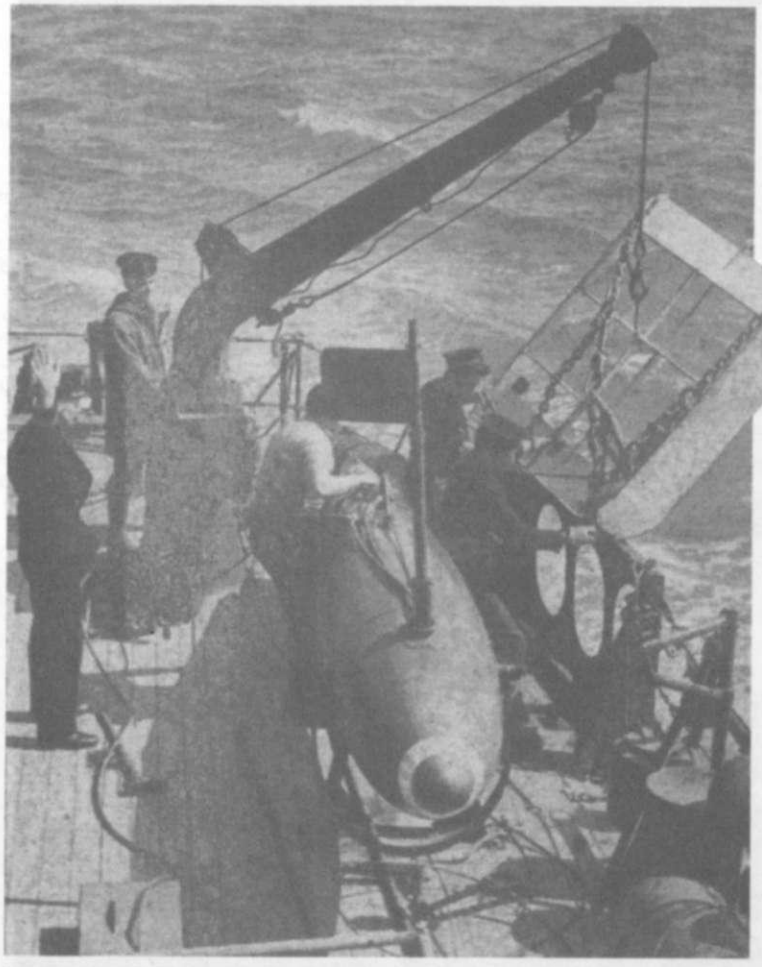
Hardening courses are a feature in the training of our new armies. Above, officers and N.C.O.s are swimming in full kit, a great test of endurance. Right, climbing a high wall, also with full equipment. The aim is to produce soldiers who are not only efficient in their regulation exercises, but also trained for initiative and endurance. *Photos, British Movietone News*

'Old Sweats' Will Remember the Bangalore

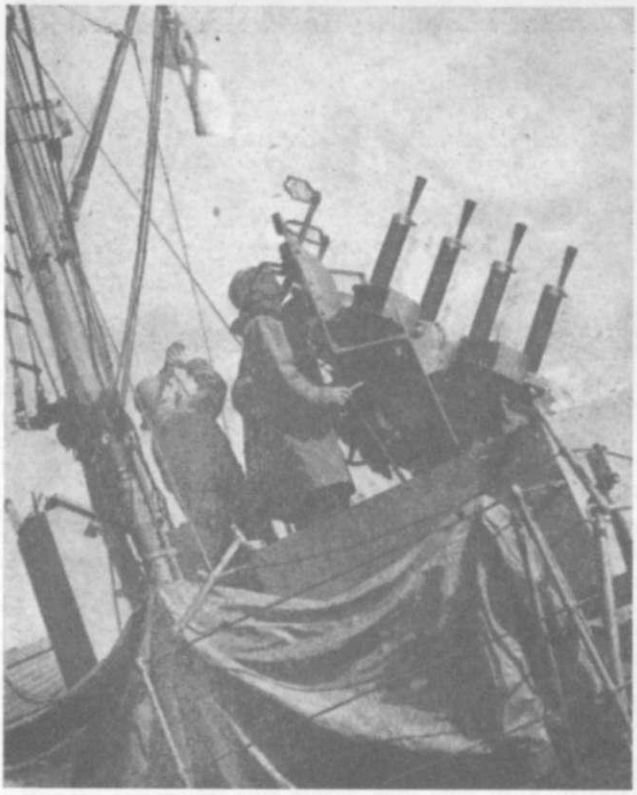
Many men who served on the Western Front during the last war will remember the Bangalore torpedo, so named because it was invented by an R.E. officer at Bangalore, Mysore. First introduced in 1915, it was used extensively for cutting gaps in barbed wire entanglements, and has been recently used by British troops during their advances into Italian territory. The torpedo, seen above, is a sheet iron cylinder, the conical head of which holds a charge of high explosive. A fuse is inserted in the trailing end. The cylinder is made in sections, so as to be extensible: if the defences are deep several tubes can be joined together.

Photo, Topical Press

They're Out to Beat Hitler's Minelayers



THE OROPESA FLOAT enables a ship to sweep mines single-handed. Seen left, it is shaped like a torpedo and streams out at an angle from the ship towing it on a wire cable. The wire is kept down to the required depth by a multiplane kite (here seen being lowered by crane). Having put out the float with kite line and sweep wire attached, the vessel, herself remaining outside the mined area, can clean up "lanes" in the minefield rather like a reaper cuts swathes from the side of a cornfield. The name Oropesa was that of the trawler in the last war in which this form of sweeping was first tried out. Above, the Officer of the Watch on the bridge of a minesweeper.

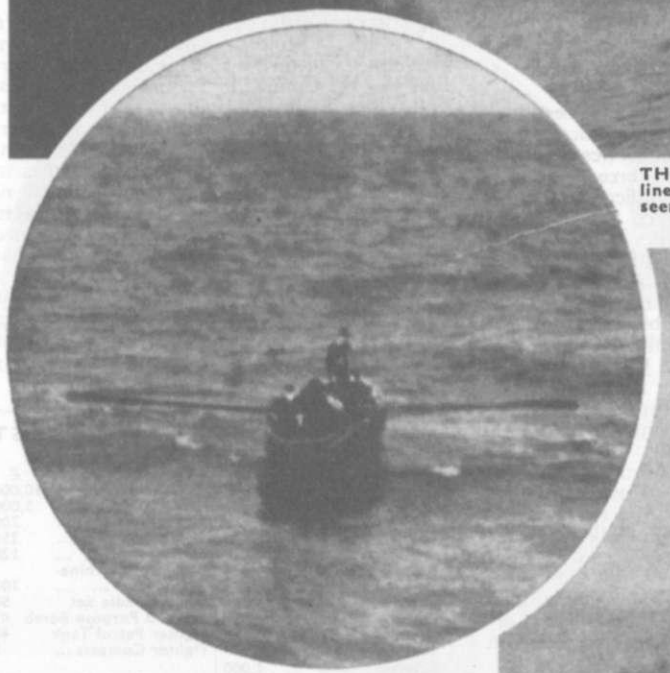


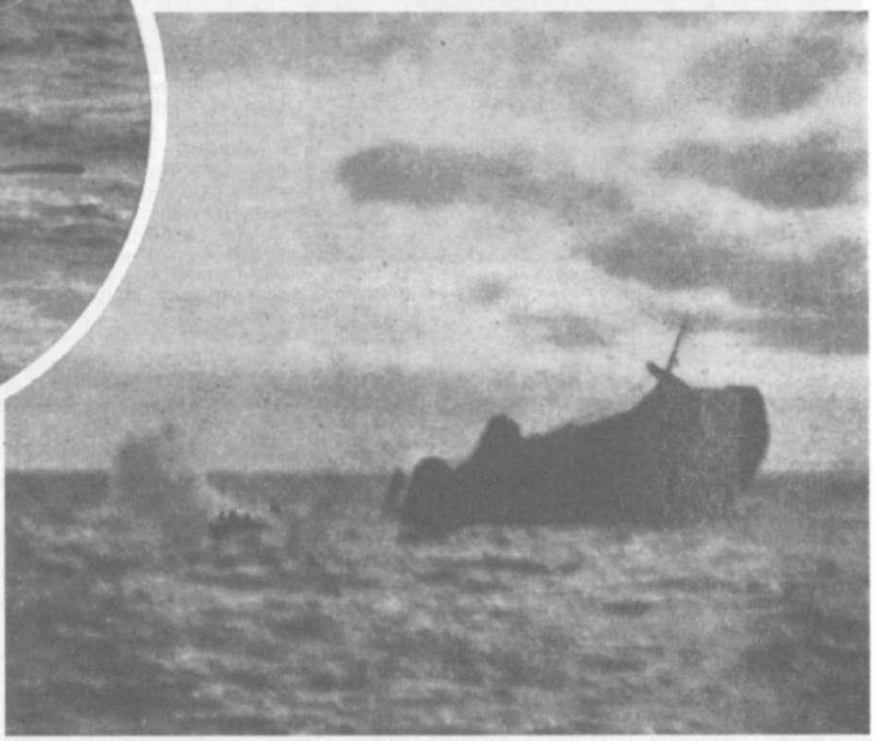
MULTIPLE MACHINE-GUNS are installed on minesweepers to afford them protection from the air menace which constantly threatens them; while barrage balloons, right, afford a further measure of protection from enemy dive-bombers.

Photos, Fox

'The Lifeline of Britain Is Threatened'

THE RAJPUTANA, a 16,644-ton armed merchant cruiser, formerly a P. & O. liner, was torpedoed in the North Atlantic while on patrol duty. Here she is seen settling down in the water, while (in the circle inset) survivors pull away from the doomed ship. A Sunderland guided warships to their rescue.





Sombrely impressive is this photograph of a ship taking her death-plunge—another triumph for Hitler in the Battle of the Atlantic. The scene in the circle speaks of yet another blow aimed at what Mr. H. L. Stimson, U.S. Secretary of War, has well described as Britain's lifeline.

Photos, Associated Press and Keystone

THE lifeline of Great Britain is threatened. The high-water mark of Nazi effort is at hand in the shape of an attack on the shipping which furnishes Britain with the means and the nourishment to maintain her battle.

Not only does blockade imperil the delivery to Britain of the munitions we are sending her, but the supplies of food necessary for her population are already becoming gradually impaired.

Right now, at this cross-roads of history it is within our power to turn the tide of darkness back from the Atlantic world . . . If today our Navy should make secure the seas for the delivery of our munitions to Britain it will render as great a service to our own country and to the preservation of freedom as it has ever rendered in all its glorious history.—*Mr. Stimson, May 6, 1941.*

Our Searchlight on the War

German Troops in Finland

THROUGH "Pravda," the Communist Party newspaper, came the first intimation that German troops had arrived in Finland. The announcement was definite: "According to reliable sources, four German transports arrived on April 26 at the Finnish port of Abo (Turku). About 12,000 troops, fully equipped and with tanks and artillery, landed there and began to move off to Tampere on April 28." It has long been known that Helsinki had made an arrangement by which German troops were to be allowed to pass through Finland, provided that they were simply going on leave from, or returning to, northern Norway, and that the numbers engaged in this cross-traffic were equal. Speculation has been rife as to the significance of the "Pravda" report, if it is true. In Sweden it has been suggested that certain Finnish elements are maintaining close touch with the Germans in the hope of recovering the territory annexed last year by Russia. On the other hand, the arrival of the troops may be part of Germany's "war of nerves" now being directed against the Soviet Union along a frontier of 1,500 miles.

AMERICAN MOBILE KITCHENS, presented by the U.S.A. to the Ministry of Food, have done valuable work in feeding the homeless of our "blitzed" cities. This sailor at Plymouth is helping to feed the victims of a raid with food from one of these kitchens. *Photo, L.N.A.*

One Thousand Not Out

SINCE the beginning of the war British Army anti-aircraft guns have destroyed over 1,000 enemy aircraft in all theatres of operations. This figure comprises only the certainties, and takes no account of machines so damaged that it is extremely unlikely that they were able to reach their base. For example, should a plane be hit while flying at a great height over London, it probably clears the coastline and falls into the sea. But such a casualty is not included in the total of 1,000. Five hundred have been definitely shot down in the British Isles, others in Malta and the Middle East. The A.A. gunners responsible for this achievement have received most, if not all, of their training since the outbreak of war.

Government Changes

A NUMBER of changes in the Cabinet were announced on May 1. Two Ministries—those of Shipping and of Transport—have been merged into one, which will be held by a newcomer to Westminster, Mr. F. J. Leathers. This amalgamation is an important wartime development which, by doing away with divided authority, will expedite the "turn round" of vessels. Lord Beaverbrook, relieved at his own wish of the arduous duties of Minister of Aircraft Production, becomes the head of a newly created Ministry of State, and will devote himself to general questions of policy in the War Cabinet. He is succeeded by Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Minister of Transport since last year, whose great experience in the world of aviation—he is one of the pioneers of flying in this country—will be of definite value in his new post. Mr. Frederick Montague has been made Parliamentary Secretary to this Ministry. The fifth appointment is that of Colonel J. J. Llewellin to be Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport. Mr. Leathers is a prominent figure in industry who has been concerned all his life with transport and shipping.

War Dogs

BRITISH dogs have been invited by the War Office to register for national service. Only those of certain breeds and with natural qualifications of a high order will be recruited. Airedales, Collies (both rough and smooth), Hill Collies, Cross-breds, Lurchers and Retrievers (Labrador and Golden) are the most suitable kinds, but members of other breeds will be considered provided that their intelligence and natural ability are of a superior standard. It may be presumed that friendly aliens, such as the Alsatian, will not be turned down through prejudice. Accepted candidates will be given an intensive course of training at Willems Barracks, Aldershot. Those which fail to pass the tests will immediately return home. Successful dogs will serve in the Army for the duration of the war, and receive skilled care and attention.

Bottle-Scarred Warriors

FROM the Middle East H.Q. of the R.A.F. comes a light-hearted story about a certain bombing squadron operating over Albania. They were faced with the problem of disposing of the empty bottles which increasingly cluttered up their mess. At length one young pilot suggested that they should be dumped over the enemy's lines during future expeditions. The following morning, therefore, an aircraft added a cargo of "empties" to the usual complement of bombs and dropped the lot on an Italian camp. One curious result of this manoeuvre was revealed when a prisoner, captured a few days later, complained bitterly that the airmen had been trying to break Italian morale by dropping whistling bombs. It would seem that an empty bottle, hurtling through the air, gives out a crescendo whistle calculated to add to the terror of the high-explosive bomb accompanying it.

MR. F. J. LEATHERS, the London East End council schoolboy who rose to become director of sixty companies, is now Minister of Shipping and Transport and will have a barony conferred upon him. *Photo, Sport & General*

Stalin in Control

MOSCOW radio announced on May 6 that Molotov had, at his own request, been relieved of his duties as Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars, and that Stalin had taken over the post. It is equivalent to that of Prime Minister. Molotov retains his post as People's Commissar for Foreign Affairs, and becomes in addition Vice-Chairman of the Council of People's Commissars. The changes were announced in the form of three decrees signed by Kalinin, whose office corresponds to that of President of the Republic. This is the first time that Stalin has taken any Government post other than that of a member of the Supreme Council. He has been content, as General Secretary of the Communist Party to be the power behind the Kremlin.

WHAT OUR WEAPONS COST

The Army

	£
Medium Tank ...	15,000
Heavy A.A. Gun ...	6,000
25-Pounder Field Gun	3,000
Light A.A. Gun ...	3,000
Anti-Tank Gun ...	1,500
Small Gun	1,500
Bren Gun Carrier	1,500
Searchlight Projector	1,000
Spare Gun Barrel (Large)	500
Heavy Machine-Gun	350
Spare Gun Barrel (Small)	200
Vickers Machine-Gun	150
Machine-Gun ...	100
3-inch Mortar ...	80
Bren Gun	50
Anti-Tank Rifle ...	45
Mortar	40
Two-inch Mortar...	25
Tommy-Gun	20
Rifle	8
Rifle	7
Heavy A.A. Shell...	4
Pistol	4

Royal Air Force

	£
Bomber Aircraft ...	20,000
Fighter Aircraft ...	5,000
Barrage Balloon ...	700
Fighter Airscrew...	350
Heavy Bomb ...	120
Browning Machine-Gun	100
Fighter Radio Set	50
General Purpose Bomb	45
Fighter Petrol Tank	40
Fighter Compass ...	5

Royal Navy

	£
Battleship ...	8,000,000
Aircraft Carrier	3,300,000
Cruiser ...	2,000,000
Large Destroyer ...	450,000
Submarine	350,000
Small Destroyer ...	320,000
Motor Torpedo Boat	55,000
Torpedo	2,000

Miscellaneous

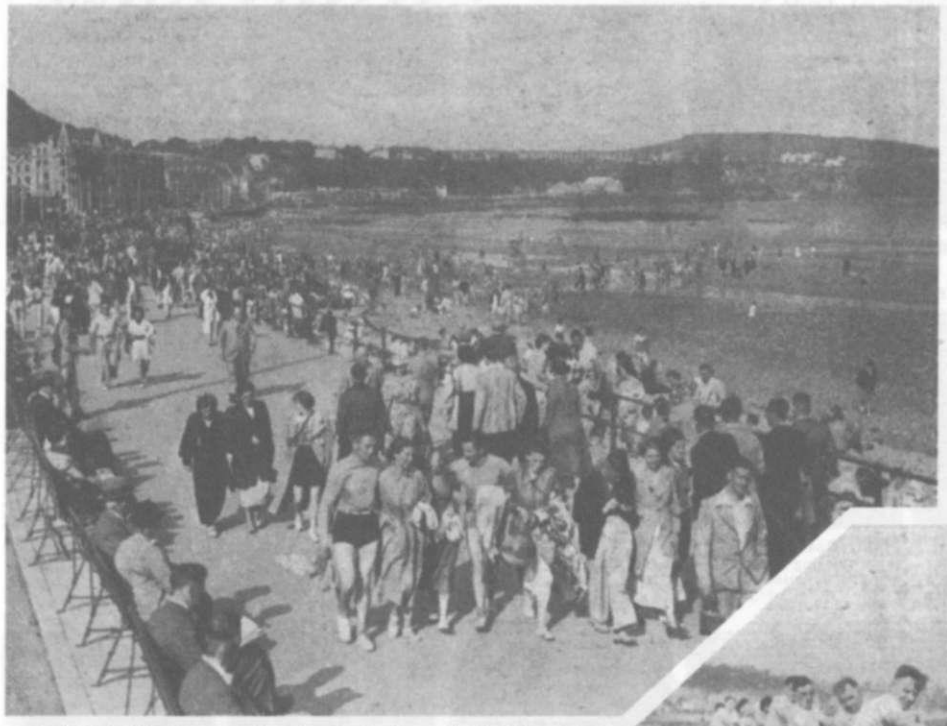
	£
Fully Equipped Ambulance	500
Light Ambulance...	300
Equipping an Infantry Soldier	20
Keeping a Soldier—Pay, Rations, etc., per annum ...	100

Make Your Money Fight!

What War Has Brought to the Isle of Man

RECENTLY a re-arrangement of the internment camps in the Isle of Man has been made with a view to providing accommodation for the thousand British Fascists who, as was announced in Parliament, are to be interned there. The Fascists, it is stated, will be subjected to the same kind of internment as the aliens already there, but it is considered that the numbers of their military guards will be increased. The interned Blackshirts will have to perform some kind of service, but they will not be permitted to make contact with the alien internees, who are doing land work.

Another new feature is the establishment at Port St. Mary on May 8 of a "camp" for alien married couples interned in the Island; a selected group of some 170 men were allowed to make their homes with their wives and children in hotels and houses where the women had been interned separately.



DOUGLAS, I.O.M., was before the war the favourite holiday resort of thousands. Along its fine promenade, seen above in peacetime thronged with holiday makers, now stretch barbed wire enclosures, cutting off the hotels and houses accommodating the internees.

The internees on the Isle of Man are under strict military supervision. When off duty their military guards take a little relaxation, sometimes by playing Soccer on the deserted beaches (above), or perhaps by having a tug-of-war. Right, some of the thousands of internees returning to their camp under supervision.

Photos, Topical Press

They Have Won Honours in Freedom's Cause

Sub-Lieutenant R. E. Scammell, R.N., **D.S.M.,** for great bravery in the execution of his duties.

Able Seaman W. Cooper, R.N.V.R., **D.C.M.,** for conspicuous bravery in action aboard Jervis Bay.

Capt. R. McClean, D.S.C., for displaying outstanding skill and courage while on active service.

Capt. Hughes of the Merchant Navy, **D.S.C.,** for gallant conduct during the Dunkirk operations.

Ldg. Stoker D. T. Banks, D.S.M., for bravery at Dunkirk. His father won D.S.M. in last war.

Lieut. Bill, R.N., **D.S.O.,** for setting a fine example of courage when engaged on war service.

Lieut. Q.M. E. Goodrich, R.A.M.C., **D.S.O.,** for devotion to duty. He is the first of this rank to receive this decoration.

Tpr. William G. Hunt, of Northall, **M.M.,** for gallantry while driving a tank in the Somme Valley in May 1940.

Major Robinson, M.C., for displaying great courage and devotion to duty in the course of Dunkirk operations.

Capt. T. V. Somerville, R.A.M.C., **D.S.O.,** for driving "baby car" into front line at Sidi Barrani and tending wounded.

Cpl. B. Wareham, Royal Warwickshire Regt., **M.M.,** for great gallantry in the execution of his duties at Dunkirk.

Lieut. Patrick K. Mayhew, R.A.M.C., **M.M.,** for volunteering to remain and help the wounded away from Dunkirk.

Squad.-Leader Hugh Maxwell, D.S.O., for gallantry and devotion in the execution of his air duties.

Squad.-Leader M. F. Anderson, A.A.F., **D.F.C.,** for night operational flying and destroying enemy aircraft.

Asst. Sec. Officer E. C. Henderson, W.A.A.F., **M.M.,** for devotion to telephone duty in a burning building.

Sgt. Pilot E. E. F. Hewett, D.F.M., for shooting down three enemy aircraft over Tepelini and destroying others.

Sgt. C. R. Frost, R.A.F. (vol. Reserve 144 Squad.), of Beverley, **D.F.M.,** for conspicuous bravery in execution of his air duties.

Flt. Lt. C. F. Currant, **Bar to D.F.C.,** for personally destroying six enemy aircraft and damaging a number of others.

Matron G. C. Ball, R.R.C., for displaying a fine courage and outstanding abilities.

Sister K. B. Davies, R.R.C., for great courage and devotion to her duties during air raid on Hull.

Sister Tomlinson, R.R.C., for setting a fine example of duty and skill in her work as nurse.

Miss Jessie Jackson, Matron of Princess Mary R.A.F. Nursing Service, **R.R.C.,** for bravery.

Miss K. H. Jones, Matron-in-Chief Princess Mary's Nursing Assn., **R.R.C.,** for courage.

Miss Wane, Princess Mary's Nursing Association, **R.R.C.,** for untiring devotion to duty.

Mr. John William Booth, L.M.S. railway porter, **O.B.E.,** for displaying presence of mind in a Sheffield raid.

Vol. W. E. Whybrow (Home Guard), **M.B.E.,** for clambering into collapsing ruins and rescuing a badly injured man.

Mrs. Hilda McGreevy, A.R.P., ambulance driver, of Maghull, near Liverpool, **O.B.E.,** for conspicuous courage in an air raid.

Mrs. Freda Dykins, A.R.P. ambulance driver, **O.B.E.,** for devotion to duty under rain of enemy bombs at Liverpool.

Sec.-Ldr. S. W. Anthony (Home Guard), **M.B.E.,** for crawling through dangerous debris and rescuing man and child at Bromley.

Patrol-Ldr. G. Collins, 12th Shoreditch Group, **Scout Silver Cross** for saving three children injured in an air raid.

Patrol Officer F. C. Revelle, A.F.S., **G.M.,** for devotion to duty under bombs at Bristol.

Patrol Officer M. C. Day, A.F.S., **G.M.,** in recognition of gallant conduct in a Bristol blitz.

Miss R. Gassman, A.F.S., first woman to receive **B.E.M.,** for courage in Hornsey raid.

Mrs. B. M. Plimmer, A.F.S., **B.E.M.,** for maintaining communications and first-aid work in raid.

Fireman B. C. E. Arkell, G.M., for courage under bomb and machine-gun attack in Bristol raid.

Fireman L. J. Watts, G.M., for conspicuous bravery during a continous raid on Bristol.

I Was There! .... Eye Witness Stories of the War

I Alone of British Journalists Escaped from Belgrade

Four weeks after he left shattered Belgrade, Mr. Terence Atherton, special correspondent of the "Daily Mail," was taken off by a British destroyer with a number of British troops from Argos, after nightmare voyages in open boat and trawler. He pays high tribute to naval efficiency.

TODAY, nearly four weeks after I escaped from bombed and shattered Belgrade, I write this dispatch safe aboard a British ship, the Red Ensign of sanity flying comfortably from her stern. My fellow-passengers include thousands of Imperial troops, Italian prisoners, and Greek volunteers for our Middle East Army.

I regret to record that of the British journalists trapped in Yugoslavia I alone escaped.

With three American newspapermen and a Yugoslav sailor I was able to seize a tiny open boat on the Yugoslav coast. Our equipment consisted of a single sail and a small outboard motor. We had no compass.

Yet we succeeded in running the gauntlet of Italy's Navy, Army, and Air Force down the Adriatic Sea from Montenegro, past the coast of Albania, and through the narrow, mine-infested Strait of Otranto to Corfu.

We passed through part of the Italian Navy convoying troopships near Durazzo.

We were hailed by and exchanged friendly shouts and waves of the hand with Italian minesweeping trawlers, who took us for Albanian fishermen; we were nearly wrecked one night in a storm on the island of Saseno, Italy's Gibraltar of the Adriatic. We were soaked with spray and exhausted with rowing when sail and motor failed us.

Yet we got through, making our first landfall in Greek territory on the northern tip of the island of Corfu.

Greek naval authorities there greeted us at first with astonishment and suspicion. It is not surprising that they doubted the story of the five unshaven, haggard-eyed Argonauts that we appeared. But, once convinced, they spared us nothing in hospitality.

Even then our dangers were only half over. German and Italian troops were heading us off down the western coasts of Greece, as we sailed south, with a lucky wind, towards Ithaca Island, home of Ulysses, and for Patras.

Off Parga, on the Greek coast—already, unknown to us, in enemy hands—we were machine-gunned by an Italian seaplane, then taken in tow by a Greek naval trawler.

But our gallant little boat, the Makedonka, was swamped and sank in the night with all our belongings, a few miles north of Ithaca.

Aboard the Greek trawler, we were dive-bombed and machine-gunned outside Patras by seven German Stukas, and our Yugoslav comrade, "Mike," was shot dead by bullets which tore through the wooden decks as if they were paper. I myself, three feet away from him, was wounded in the knee-cap by a splinter.

The coat I am still wearing as I write this is stained with his blood.

Next morning our train from Patras to Corinth was raked, outside Agrion, by a Messerschmitt 110, and two more of my comrades were wounded—one, Leigh White, the "New York Post" correspondent, crippled by two bullets in the thigh; another, Robert St. John, hit in the leg by a glancing bullet from the same burst.

Too badly wounded to be moved farther, Leigh White was carried by us up the cliffs from the coastal railway line to the road.

There, by incredible luck, a British Army lorry passed. We loaded all the wounded from the train into the lorry and reached Corinth hospital in the middle of an air raid which filled the wards and courtyard with the dying and wounded.

The broken line on this map shows the route taken by Terence Atherton in the nightmare journey from Belgrade which he describes in this page. *Courtesy of the "Daily Mail"*

Unable to leave White there, and with the Corinth-Athens road now impassable, we reached Argos, on the South Peloponnesus coast, in a night journey along a road down which the Germans had dropped a hundred parachutists to impede the retreat of the Imperial troops.

One New Zealand brigade cleaned up these parachutists to the last man, save for a few who fell into the ruthless hands of Greek villagers whose homes had been savagely bombed that day.

In sight of the sea, British naval units were expected the same night, and arrived to take off some of the last of the Imperial Army contingents with their lightly wounded.

We endured a day of unceasing bombing, when a hospital where we had taken White was singled out for a continuous attack and had to be evacuated.

Lending a hand in carrying out British and Australian wounded, we took White to a near-by sanatorium for his bullets to be extracted, and there we left him with the doctors.

That night we reached a tiny port where, unknown to the German Air Force, thousands of the last Imperial troops, with all their light equipment, were waiting in the pitch darkness for the arrival of the British naval units.

It was touch and go, but the Navy did not let the Army down.

Half an hour after midnight a British destroyer, whose name is famous the world over since the battles of Narvik Fjord, Matapan, and many other engagements, signalled that she was about to enter the harbour.

An hour later all had been got aboard—to the last man, the last machine-gun—in perfect order, methodically, calmly.

To the British Navy must go the chief laurels of this evacuation.

Imperturbably, in conditions utterly unlike Dunkirk—with only small air forces to defend the roads and ports of retreat from the unceasing German attacks, with only limited ships, and only under cover of darkness, from scattered ports along an unfamiliar coast—the Navy took away from certain destruction 45,000 troops and a large part of valuable equipment of all kinds.

I saw, for instance, more than £20,000 worth of irreplaceable optical instruments and invaluable sets of listening and detector apparatus being shipped off the tiny quay where I embarked.

When we moved out that quay was left clean as a whistle.

Only farther ashore, under olive groves skirting the shore, dozens of cars and lorries whose engines had been run to a white heat after the sumps had been drained of oil, were filling the night air with an overpowering smell of hot, burning metal.

Nothing of value was left for the enemy—even medical stores were given, before we left, to the local Greek hospital, where only a few of our wounded—too seriously hurt to be moved—were left.

Crammed into the past three weeks of a nightmare experience, I have seen two Balkan kingdoms and armies overwhelmed by sudden concentrated land and air assault.

How We Turned Our Plane Into a Sailing Ship

One of the war's strangest stories is of three young airmen who, forced down far out in the Atlantic, attempted to reach Africa by converting their Walrus into a sailing boat. Reuter's correspondent at Freetown sent the story.

H.M.S. BIRMINGHAM was off the African coast when her Walrus amphibian aircraft was catapulted off at dawn to carry out a patrol. In it were a pilot, observer and air gunner; and this, in their own words, is what happened.

We spotted a ship and investigated it, but when we returned our ship wasn't there. We made signals, but got no reply, owing, we believe, to the fault of our wireless.

We were then some hundreds of miles from land and decided to get as close in as possible before our petrol ran out. We kept in the air for some time. Then we made a good landing in the Atlantic about 100 miles from the coast.

All we knew was that Africa was somewhere to the east. There seemed nothing we could do about getting there.

Later in the day we had a brainwave. We got out our parachutes—a £120 worth of silk—and rigged them as sails. For the rest of the afternoon we sailed broadside on towards land.

We took it in turn to keep watch with field-glasses on top of the machine, while others kept below out of the sun. The pilot was incapacitated by seasickness, but our most serious trouble was that we only had seven cigarettes between the three of us.

When night fell everything seemed much worse. The darkness and silence was like a blanket. . . . Here Sub-Lieut. W.—— another of the trio, took up the story:

I WAS THERE!

I had the morning watch, and as it grew light I saw land. We suspected that it might be a cloud at first, but after a bit there was no doubt.

We decided to remove the plane's wheels, make a truck with them, and try to walk down to Freetown. But at 11 o'clock the wind changed and again taking us off-shore.

We downed sail and tried towing a bucket as a drogue (a buoy at the end of a harpoon), but could not check our way. In the end we decided to take to our rubber dinghy.

We loaded it with distress flares, emergency flying rations, three pints of water, an axe, and floor-boards from the plane as paddles.

Then we opened the camera hatch of the Walrus to make it sink. We hadn't gone very far in the dinghy when Petty Officer F— thought he saw a shark.

All day and night we paddled on, steering by compass.

During the night two of us sat in the stern and paddled, while one took it in turn to sit in the bows and steer, but we became very sleepy. First, I fell asleep and lost my paddle. Then portside fell asleep. Bows woke up and announced we were 180 degrees off our course. That happened again and again.

Next morning, to our surprise we could see land seven miles away. We opened a tin of bully beef and each took a pinch. Then we closed the tin and put it away. We didn't touch our water, though we had had none since we had flown off the "Birmingham."

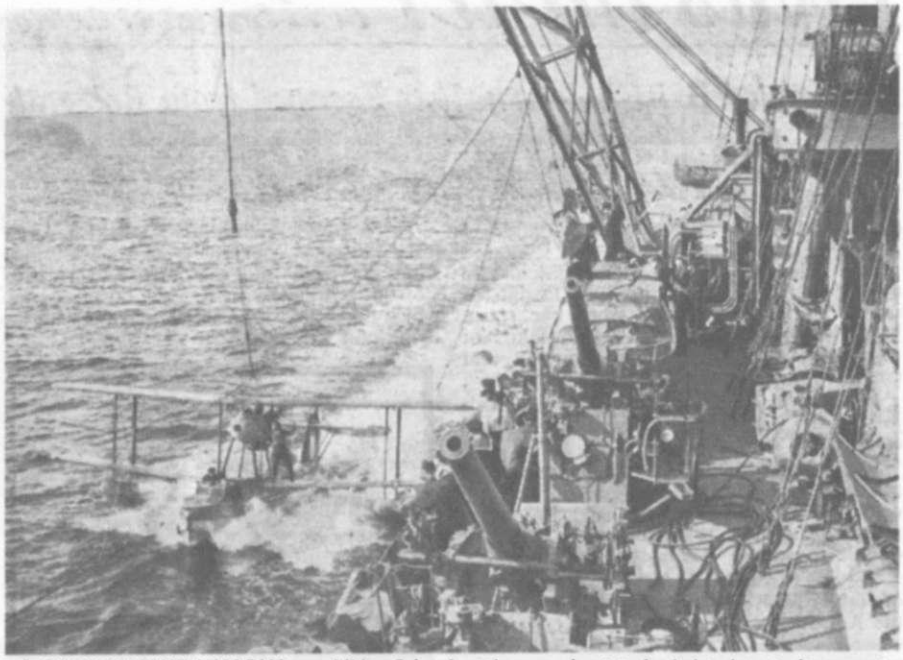
The dinghy began to lose air and after four or five hours we were up to our knees in water.

Suddenly we sighted something which looked like a destroyer, so we fired off distress signals. It sheered away and we realized that it was really a native fishing boat.

Then another fishing boat came from the shore and picked us up. The first boat then came alongside. Both contained Negroes wearing odds and ends of clothing. One had a loin cloth, old jumper and sun helmet.

When we said we were British, one named Richard Graham replied in English: "We British, too. All in British Empire are one big brotherhood."

He promised to take us to Freetown in his boat. And he did.



A SUPERMARINE WALRUS amphibian flying boat is seen about to be hoisted on to its parent cruiser. This aircraft, in service in the Fleet Air Arm since 1935, is used for general reconnaissance and submarine spotting, and is carried by all naval vessels equipped with catapault launching gear. The amazing adventure of the crew of one of these machines is described here. *Photo, Fox*

First they gave us water to wash the salt off our bodies. Then they cooked fish on a brazier in the boat and we ate it with rice. Then Richard Graham went ashore and got provisions for the voyage to Freetown.

We sailed on in his boat all that night and next day. There were five natives in the boat, three of whom could speak English. They talked about everything and were very interested to know about Britain. The second night we anchored for a bit, and at noon on the third day reached Freetown.

Asked what they would like as a reward the leader said he wished to have a certificate to show his friends he had helped in the war.

We wrote out a certificate, and also gave them canvas for new sails, rope, and £20. A small fortune for them.

We Were Surrounded by Parachutists Near Corinth

The first eye-witness story of the operations of German parachute troops in Greece was told by a gunnery major who, with other officers and a handful of men, fought his way through to an embarkation port.

We were manning anti-aircraft guns on the road south of Corinth in an attempt to protect the last remnants of a convoy, said the major. When the parachutists dropped we found ourselves completely surrounded in about 30 minutes. Ahead of us the Corinth bridge was being grimly held by a company of Australian infantry.

First came an aerial blitz. For three hours planes dive-bombed and machine-gunned our men continuously, zipping over the road at less than thirty feet.

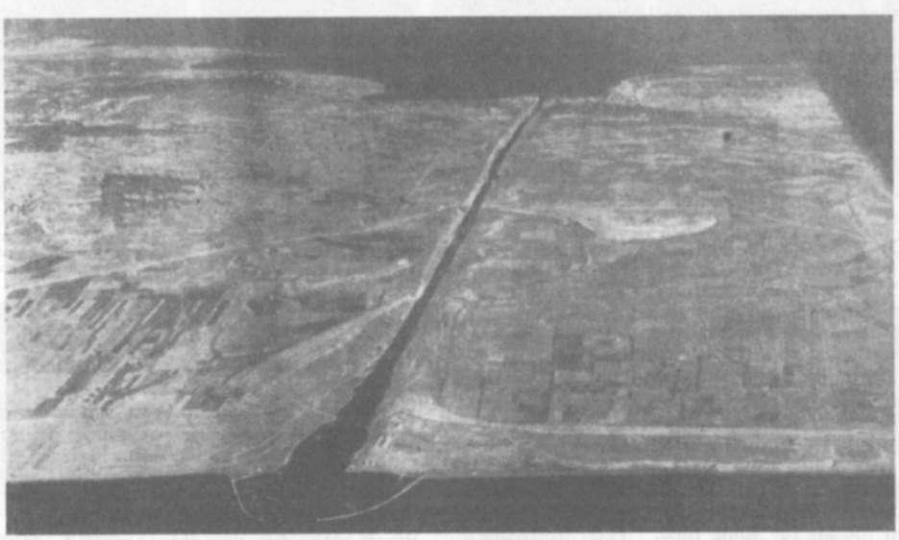
Then I saw thirty-five troop-carrying planes circling overhead. They flew down in line to a height of about 200 feet, then their hatches opened and the parachutists dropped out, fluttering like leaves to the ground at intervals of about 25 feet.

From each machine came one man with a red parachute—presumably a section leader—and several with white parachutes. Occasionally a large bundle, obviously containing mortars and ammunition, crashed to the ground. Many parachutes failed to open. Their owners bounced in the air, then lay still. Several planes flew off with half-open parachutes hanging to their tail.

I knew the position was hopeless. I called on my men to hurry and fight a way out. Many of them were unable to do so. Our small party rushed through before the Germans had time to collect together and take up firing positions. I estimate it takes a parachutist a good five minutes to undo his harness, pull out his machine-gun and go into action.

Making our way across the mountains, we struck a road and jumped on a lone lorry. Along came a yellow-nosed Messerschmitt and smashed up the lorry.

We continued walking until another lorry, carrying a rearguard party of Aussies, picked us up. We eventually reached the port of embarkation after terrific machine-gunning the entire way. I got all my party



CORINTH CANAL, the fighting around which is described in this page, is here seen from the air. The canal, which provides a passage for ships through the Isthmus of Corinth, is four miles long and seventy feet wide, and most of it has been cut through solid rock. It was opened in 1893. *Photo, G.P.A.*

I WAS THERE!

BRITISH PARATROOPS practising descents at a secret R.A.F. station The aeroplane has just released a parachutist and he can be seen immediately before his 'chute has opened. Each plane carries about ten parachutists, and they are "decanted" at intervals of a second and land within a small area, no more than forty yards apart. Light on German parachute methods is given in the story in this page. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

safely on board, including several wounded. The rest of my men and that gallant party of Aussies holding the bridge must be finished, the major concluded. They hadn't an earthly chance. In addition to those dropped south of Corinth, the Nazis were dropping parachutists along the northern coast of the Pelopponese in hundreds. Others who saw German parachutists fall say that each parachutist was followed by two smaller parachutes, carrying arms and ammunition and possibly a machine-gun. Many of the men dropped at Corinth fell in the canal and were drowned.—*Reuter.*

They Call Us 'Ancient and Tattered Airmen'

Some of the Air Transport Auxiliary pilots who ferry aircraft from factories to R.A.F. stations are women—it was on this service that Amy Johnson lost her life—and here one of them describes her work in detail.

"WELCOME to an Ancient and Tattered Airman," shouted one of the R.A.F. men as the new trainer plane touched down on the airfield.

The pilot smiled, bulky and shapeless in flying suit, with helmet and parachute. Out on the ground he came in for a lot of hearty slaps on the back and a good rowdy R.A.F. welcome. At last, in desperation, and to the confusion of the unofficial reception committee, the pilot pulled off his helmet.

The "Ancient and Tattered Airman" was a woman—and very far from being either ancient or tattered. I should know, because she is one of my colleagues, one of the first women members of Air Transport Auxiliary, recruited to help the men in this big job of ferrying new aircraft from factories to R.A.F. stations.

Don't blame the R.A.F. for the title "Ancient and Tattered Airmen." The men pilots of A.T.A. themselves decided that this is what A.T.A. stands for. The reason is that they are all airmen debarred from service with the R.A.F. for reasons of health or age.

And the way to recognize a ferry pilot's sex has become an important part of the R.A.F.'s unofficial training. I gather there is one infallible rule—wait till the pilot takes off his helmet, and if it's a woman—even with a closely-cropped head—she will shake her hair loose!

Although we are the only women in this country whose war work takes them up into the air (even the W.A.A.F. are still earth-bound), we do not regard ourselves as heroines and our lives are not one great adventure.

Flying may sound very exciting, but long before the war most of us were earning a living in civil aviation, with the result that piloting a warplane is no more unusual to us than driving a car.

And as to adventure—well, our job is to keep out of it. When you are delivering a brand new plane worth several thousands of pounds you don't dawdle about in the sky on the look-out for a Messerschmitt.

On the other hand, flying in wartime is a very different proposition from peacetime aviation. We have none of the usual aids to navigation to help us. We can't pore over meteorological reports and postpone a flight for a day or two if we don't fancy the weather. We were "delivering the goods" right through the winter of 1939-40. And that was one of the severest winters for fifty years.

We have to keep an eye out for prohibited areas, balloon barrages and other devices, and it is advisable to make quite sure before touching down that we have been recognized and are expected! R.A.F. stations have their own kind of welcome waiting for unrecognized planes in wartime . . .

So far the women's unit of the A.T.A., which is attached to an aerodrome quite near London, ferries only trainer planes.

Spitfires and Hurricanes, heavy bombers, and all the new planes now in production are still delivered by the men, though we have hopes of promotion Every one of us is just longing to get at the controls of a big bomber or new fighter, for no matter how long you've been a pilot, there is no thrill in the world like flying faster than you have ever done before.

We report for duty every morning at nine. By that time Pauline Gower, chief of the women's unit, is already receiving instructions for the day's work from Central Control.

Planes are waiting to be picked up from a factory in the north of Scotland, from another in the west of England. They have to be delivered to, say, the Midlands or the South Coast.

Do not imagine because we have all been flying for years that we did not need any training when we joined the A.T.A. Every member goes through a course, for the bigger the machine the more complicated are the controls.

When you first come across the panel of an Anson or a Magister after the simple dashboard of a Puss Moth, you think you've walked straight into a nightmare. Yet in a day or two you find you know all the knobs and handles, the wheels and clocks and gauges, more or less by heart.

There is one thing of which we are justly proud. It is not the excitement and the glamour, but the simple fact that we have delivered hundreds of new planes to the R.A.F. in the last fifteen months—delivered them safely and on time.—"*Daily Herald,*" *copyright Cecil Brooks, Ltd.*

WOMEN PILOTS OF THE A.T.A., Mrs. Gabrielle Patterson and Mrs. Grace Brown (right), who, as described in this page, are doing valuable work in ferrying aircraft. The number of women pilots is being gradually increased. *Photo, Fox*

Our Diary of the War

SUNDAY, MAY 4, 1941 *610th day*

Air.—R.A.F. made heavy attack on battle cruisers at Brest. Other forces bombed docks and shipping at Rotterdam, Antwerp, Le Havre, Cherbourg and St. Nazaire.

Africa.—British troops in Tobruk launched counter-attack, foiling new enemy preparations. R.A.F. made night raids on aerodromes at Benina and Derna.

Advance upon Amba Alagi, Abyssinia, progressing. S.A.A.F. raided Italian H.Q.

Near East.—R.A.F. raided aerodrome at Calato, Rhodes. Four enemy aircraft shot down when attacking Crete.

German troops occupied islands of Mytilene and Chios.

Iraq.—Shelling of Habbaniya aerodrome resumed, but R.A.F. soon silenced guns. R.A.F. also attacked mechanized troops and transport and again raided aerodrome at Moascar Rashid, wrecking 23 planes.

Home.—Fourth successive night raid on Merseyside. Attacks also made on East Anglian town and N.W. seaside district. Heavy sustained raid on Belfast.

Ten raiders destroyed.

MONDAY, MAY 5 *611th day*

Air.—Day attacks on enemy coastal shipping. Heavy night raid on industrial towns in Middle Rhine, particularly Mannheim. Docks at Boulogne and Cherbourg, and port of St. Nazaire, also bombed.

Africa.—British troops at Tobruk attacked forward enemy posts, taking many prisoners.

R.A.F. made many attacks on mechanized units in Bardia, El Adem, Capuzzo and Sollum areas. During nights of 4-5 and 5-6 they made heavy raids on Benghazi harbour and a number of aerodromes.

Iraq.—R.A.F. maintained constant offensive patrols over Iraqi positions outside Habbaniya.

Home.—Minor day attacks in S.E. England. Large-scale night raids on Clydeside, Merseyside and Belfast.

Two day and nine night raiders shot down.

General.—Maj.-Gen. Freyberg appointed Allied C.-in-C. in Crete.

Haile Selassie made triumphant entry into Addis Ababa.

TUESDAY, MAY 6 *612th day*

Air.—Attacks on shipping off Dutch and German coasts. One patrol vessel sunk, another set on fire.

Hamburg was main night objective. Le Havre docks also attacked.

Near East.—Italy announced occupation of six islands in Cyclades group.

Enemy carried out heavy raid on Malta.

Iraq.—British ejected Iraqi rebels from plateau overlooking Habbaniya, reinforcements having arrived by air from Basra.

Home.—During day bombs fell on Kent coast. At night raiders attacked N.E. and N.W. England and coastal town in south-west.

Four day and nine night raiders destroyed.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7 *613th day*

Sea.—Admiralty announced that naval auxiliary Patia had sunk after combat with enemy aircraft which she shot down.

Air.—Heavy night attack on Scharnhorst and Gneisenau at Brest. Other aircraft attacked submarine base at St. Nazaire, docks at Bremen, shipping off Dutch coast, oil refineries at Donges, and docks and shipping at Bergen.

Africa.—Further raids on targets in Cyrenaica. R.A.F. also attacked enemy convoy in Mediterranean.

Cairo announced that Empire troops had occupied Quoram, Abyssinia, 30 miles south of main Italian position.

On N.E. coastal sector of Italian Somaliland British captured Bender Kassim.

Iraq.—Rashid Ali fled from Baghdad after public demonstrations against his Government. R.A.F. bombed Baghdad airport, magazine at Washash and aircraft at Hanaidi.

Home.—Considerable day activity off S.E. coast and many air combats. Widespread night attacks. Bombs fell in S.E. coastal district, in Humber area, on Merseyside and on West of England town.

Eight day and 24 night raiders destroyed.

THURSDAY, MAY 8 *614th day*

Sea.—British naval forces in Western Mediterranean, attacked by Axis planes, destroyed seven, seriously damaged five. No ship was damaged.

Air.—R.A.F.'s heaviest raid yet directed mainly on Hamburg and Bremen. Other aircraft attacked Berlin, Emden and submarine base at St. Nazaire.

Africa.—Enemy reported to have evacuated Debereeh, 44 miles N.E. of Gondar. Further positions near Amba Alagi captured.

Naval forces attacked harbour at Benghazi. Two supply ships sunk.

Iraq.—R.A.F. bombed aerodromes at Sharaban, Baquba and Hanaida.

Home.—Enemy air activity off south and S.E. coasts. Several combats took place. At night Humber area and two districts in North Midlands were heavily attacked.

Fourteen night raiders destroyed.

FRIDAY, MAY 9 *615th day*

Sea.—Announced that German commerce raider had been sunk in Indian Ocean by H.M.S. Cornwall.

Air.—Destructive night raid on Mannheim and Ludwigshaven. Docks in occupied territory and aerodromes in Norway and North France also bombed.

Africa.—R.A.F. attacked aerodromes at Derna, Jedabia and Gazala.

Iraq.—Revolt collapsing. Rutbah aerodrome occupied by British.

Home.—Night raiders over West of England, Midlands and North-east England. Enemy fighter destroyed in South-east England. Three night bombers shot down.

SATURDAY, MAY 10 *616th day*

Air.—Bomber Command raided Hamburg, doing immense damage. Smaller forces attacked Bremen, Emden, Rotterdam, objectives in Berlin, and enemy shipping.

Coastal Command bombed supply ships, docks and oil stores at La Pallice.

Iraq.—British captured Majara. R.A.F. bombed military objectives at Mosul.

Home.—Very heavy night raid on London. Westminster Abbey, Houses of Parliament and British Museum hit.

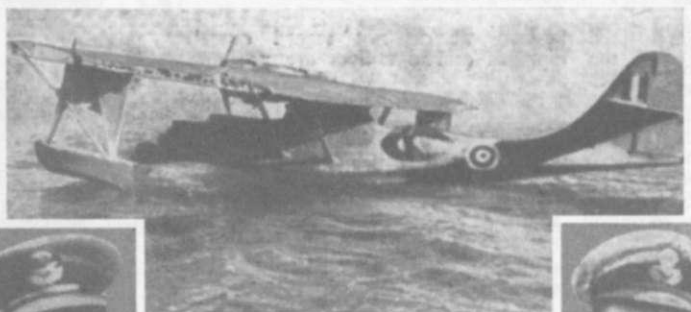
Thirty-three night raiders destroyed.

THE CATALINA LIMPS HOME

TWO Canadians who had joined the R.A.F., Flight-Lieutenant J. G. Fleming, D.F.C., and Flying Officer J. J. Meikle, were recently given the task of flying one of the famous Catalina P.B.Y. flying-boats from Bermuda to Britain. This American aircraft, built by the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, carried a crew of six: the two pilots, two radio operators, and two flight engineers, and fully loaded the machine weighed about fifteen tons.

The journey started under perfect conditions, but suddenly, when the aircraft was flying at a height of 18,500 feet, the automatic pilot jammed. When this happened the starboard aileron was full down and the effect was to throw the machine into a spiral dive. Both ailerons thereupon began to flutter badly owing to the steep angle at which they were opposing the airflow. The aircraft spun until barely 800 feet above sea level, with both pilots doing their utmost to regain stability.

But the pressure on the ailerons was so great that one of them broke away completely. That was the critical moment for the pilots. When the second aileron broke away a few minutes later they found that it helped to restore the balance of the machine. An S O S was sent out by radio, but was never received, for the good reason that, as was found out afterwards, the fixed wireless aerial had been carried away with the ailerons.



Flying Officer J. J. Meikle (left) and Flt.-Lieut. J. G. Fleming performed an almost incredible feat when they flew home to Britain a 15-ton Catalina P.B.Y. flying-boat (above) after it had lost both ailerons.

Photos, Ministry of Aircraft Production

For a time the position of the aircraft seemed desperate. Smoke flares, spares, and tool kit were jettisoned in an effort to save the flying-boat. But their luck held; when it looked as though the Catalina would hit the water, the pilots regained control.

Then a message was sent out by means of the trailing aerial saying "Both ailerons gone." The signal was duly received, but its recipients were sceptical. It seemed impossible that an enormous machine like the Catalina could still be flying without lateral control. Indeed, to remain air-borne Fleming and Meikle were compelled to sit side by side exerting all their strength on the controls. They had to fly straight ahead, for use of the rudder without ailerons might have sent the machine into a fatal flat spin.

But with amazing fortitude the pilots carried on. To make matters worse they flew into a storm as they approached the British coast. Nevertheless, they succeeded in making a safe landing at last outside a British harbour.

They still had some miles to taxi, and the sea was very rough. Fearing that taxi-ing on such waves would make both themselves and the rest of the crew seasick, this amazing pair actually took off again and skimmed over the surface for three miles to their moorings.